

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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BBC's NEW DEPRESSION FROM ICELAND

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THE WORLD IN THE SHADOW

PASSING CLOUDS OF WAR

Troubles in America, Europe,
and the Far East

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE

While the world crisis continues unabated events both in Europe and the Far East have brought the world very near to the shadow of War.

The visit of the Prime Minister to Rome, with all its hopeful possibilities, has done much to improve the situation, and we may look forward, we hope, to a speedy improvement of feeling everywhere. The pity is that all the economic calamities and the German revolution have been going on while in the Far East Japan, in her war on China, has occupied the province of Jehol and advanced to the Great Wall.

These simultaneous disasters have threatened civilisation. The white races, forming only one in three of the world's peoples, have so mismanaged their affairs that they have degraded their own position as trustees of civilisation and set a terribly bad example to the world at large. In the Far East we see Japan doing *what has been done again and again by the European Powers which pretend to be turning over a new leaf.*

Like Laying a Mine

The European situation, as we have so often pointed out in the C.N., is compromised by the injustices of the four Peace Treaties which the victors of the war dictated to Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria. To name what is only one of many wrongs, the Treaty of Versailles split Germany into two parts, running a corridor, labelled Poland, through Prussia to the Baltic Sea. It was like laying a mine which sooner or later was bound to explode.

What is to be done?

It is clear that there must be a World Conference, not only on finance and trade but upon the terrible political issues.

At such a Conference alone, bringing in the great nations which are not members of the League of Nations, can the necessary adjustments be made. The League cannot act, because it does not include the United States or Russia; it does not really now include Japan.

Another Dark Age

The calling of a Conference, the righting of political wrongs, and the making of economic agreements are imperatively needed. Civilisation is in danger. We have seriously to face the grave possibility of such a break-up of existing society as would not be mended until the passing of another Dark Age in which hundreds of millions would suffer death or ruin. Such a Dark Age we can prevent, we, the peoples of the world, by insisting that we will not fight each other to settle the quarrels of our politicians.

The Chief's Bow and Arrow



Chief Os-Ke-Non-Ton, the famous Red Indian singer, was able to give his young friends some instruction in archery while he was staying at Eastbourne.

A CRIPPLE OF GREAT COURAGE

HOW SHE SURPRISED NEW ZEALAND

Nearest Competitor Fourteen
Yards Behind

FINE SWIMMING RECORD

It is always pleasing to hear of people triumphing over physical drawbacks.

Another instance of this comes from New Zealand. A 17-year-old girl, Mona Leydon, who has been partially crippled from infancy, was warmly cheered when she won the Auckland Ladies 440 yards championship in January, and broke the New Zealand record for the 440 yards ladies swimming race.

This plucky New Zealand girl, before entering the water to establish a new record for the race, discarded the steel frame which she has to wear to support her leg, limped to the edge of the swimming baths, and entered the water with two opponents, both of whom were seasoned swimmers much older than herself. Not only did she win the event but she established a New Zealand record for the race.

Strenuous Course of Training

When Mona Leydon was only a year old she suffered from an attack of infantile paralysis; and, though a partial cure was effected, her left leg remained thin and wasted, so that she has always had, since that early age, to wear a steel frame to support it.

Three years ago her mother was told that this affliction would not prevent Mona from learning to swim, though it had prevented her from joining in all the other sports that her school companions enjoyed.

So Mona went to learn swimming from a professional instructor.

Determined to do well, she followed a strenuous course of training, swimming at least half a mile every day. She is under a great handicap when turning in races held in swimming baths, being unable to obtain a strong push-off from the side of the baths.

An Olympic Record Lowered

In a harbour swim at Auckland in March 1931 she registered third fastest time against 31 men competitors.

The record which Mona Leydon broke was established in 1928 by a New Zealand lady swimmer who competed at the Olympic Games. When Mona won the ladies 440 yards championship at Auckland, with the nearest competitor 14 yards behind, there was great enthusiasm; but when it was announced that she had lowered the New Zealand record by about seven seconds the applause that broke out can only be described as deafening.

Earlier in the evening she took part in the ladies 100 yards championship and came in second.

PLAIN WORDS FROM THE PREMIER

The Prime Minister, in introducing the British Plan to the Disarmament Conference, fell at times into very plain speaking, in such a manner as this.

THERE is no use in deceiving yourself; you have done jolly little.

Why do you quarrel? This great assembly could get you out of your difficulties. I have no sympathy with the so-called sense of honour which makes the representative of one nation here say to a representative of another nation here, "I cannot meet you; I cannot discuss it." Get away from all those feminine follies. Get down to business. There are millions whose welfare depends upon your common sense. Nothing will justify you in the eyes either of God or of man in leaving any step untaken which will enable those of you who are most diverse to come together and to report to us in due time, "We have agreed." I wish you would look at realities. You are not mannequins; you're men.

If there is a failure the stream of events will drive with increasing swiftness to catastrophe. Failure would let loose the passion that makes for war. It would set upon our throats the vagrant powers which do not save nations, and have never yet saved nations, the vagrant powers which under the pretence of saving nations and national honour destroy both the body and soul of nations.

We, you, I, this great assembly, which, comparatively small as it is, is the epitome of the world, we are here to prevent such a tragic ending to the evolution of man's knowledge and man's power. Have we not had enough of enmities and war? Have we not had enough of the attempt to settle issues by force? We can stop it. We can turn the tide of fear which is rushing in increased volume down the high channels of history at the moment; we can turn that tide of fear into a tide of confidence, into a tide of goodwill, into a tide of peace.

PERU GOES ANOTHER LITTLE BLOW TO THE LEAGUE

What Shall Be Done With the
Enemy in the Gate?

WE MUST KEEP OUR WORD

From Our League Correspondent

Peru and the League of Nations have disagreed and have parted company. It is Peru that loses and not the League.

The subject, of course, is the conflict over Leticia, that tiny place which is described as being a collection of hovels, with 300 inhabitants but without church, school, or post office, which yet is the cause of hostilities owing to its position in territory ceded to Colombia by treaty eleven years ago.

In September last year a number of armed Peruvians took possession of Leticia and occupied the territory on the grounds of an "irrepressible patriotic aspiration." Efforts by Brazil and U.S.A. to mend matters were of no avail; the request made by Peru for a committee of conciliation was opposed by Colombia as being inapplicable to the situation; and Colombia appealed to the League.

Suggestions For Settlement

The Council of the League set up a Committee of Three to make suggestions for a settlement, and these suggestions took the form of a Commission to take charge of the territory and keep order therein, with the aid of a force provided by Colombia and considered as international, while negotiations were carried on. Colombia welcomed the proposal and at once accepted it; Peru asked for delay and submitted impossible counter-proposals. The Committee of Three was then forced to prepare a report.

The facts as stated in this report are: that both countries accept the 1922 treaty; that Leticia is in Colombian territory; that this territory has been invaded by Peruvians; that these Peruvians had military support; that Peru has rejected the proposed settlement. The recommendations are: complete evacuation and negotiations.

The One Clear Thing

On March 18 the Council met to receive this report and both countries made their statements, the speech of the Peruvian delegate having a strange likeness to those made by Japan a few weeks ago—"The moral and psychological aspects of the problem have been overlooked, treaties are not eternal, adjustments must be made, citizens must be protected, Peru is defending unwritten laws that are higher than mere conventions," and so on.

But the Council was not influenced by these arguments; every member of it accepted the report and the Peruvian delegate thereupon rose from his seat and left the hall. Whether this signifies the withdrawal of Peru from the League or not, one thing is clear: *no League can exist which has traitors within its gate.*

At all costs we must keep our word.

NEWS OF A BOLSTER

A Lancashire lass who works in a laundry was washing a bolster slip the other day when she felt something under her hand that was not linen.

She discovered that she was washing £400. Someone had slipped four £100 notes under the bolster cover and forgotten them!

Whatever people may say about Lancashire folk, no one ever says they are sneaks. The Lancashire lass took the £400 to the works manager. He looked for the name on the bolster cover, and paid a visit to its owner, a lady living in Widnes.

She had put the notes into the bolster slip after drawing them from the bank, and had forgotten them so completely that she had not even discovered their loss, or suffered a moment's anxiety.

THE BRITISH PLAN SAVING THE ARMS CONFERENCE

Prime Minister's Scheme For
Getting Something Done

SMALLER AND MORE EQUAL
FORCES

It is expected that, after all, the Disarmament Conference of 1933 may be counted among the good things of the world.

The British Plan for getting something done has been received with general approval, and it is hoped that there will be no serious delay in securing its adoption. The Plan is in five sections.

The first section deals with what the nations should do if there is danger from a threat to the Pact of Paris. It proposes that the League of Nations should call a Conference if any of the five nations, including one of the Great Powers, requests them to do so. If a breach of the Pact has occurred this Conference is to determine which party is responsible and decide what steps are to be taken.

Drastic Proposals

The second section deals with Disarmament and contains drastic proposals for the reduction of land and air forces, including tables of figures for the numbers of men and machines each State should maintain. The idea behind the proposals is to establish the conscript armies of Europe on a militia basis with short training lasting only eight months. The table of daily effectives in each nation which our Government proposes as a basis of discussion gives 200,000 to Germany, nearly double the number permitted by the Treaty of Versailles; France is to have 400,000, half for overseas; Italy is to have 250,000, a fifth for overseas; Russia with 500,000 is given the largest number of all.

In the matter of guns it is proposed that States now possessing them should gradually reduce them to a limited size. Tanks are to be limited to 16 tons.

Problem of the Air

Naval armaments are already governed by the Washington Treaty, and it is proposed that France and Italy should come within the London Treaty and that there should be a general truce to the building of capital ships, except that Italy should lay down one ship if she wishes. The proposals would set Germany free from the naval limitations imposed on her at the end of the war, but like all the Powers she would have to maintain her present position until 1936.

It is, however, in the Air armaments that our proposed Convention makes the most effective alterations of all. In the first place, there is a complete prohibition of bombing from the air, except for police purposes in outlying regions. No dirigibles are to be constructed, and no fighting aircraft, except troop-carriers and seaplanes is to weigh over three tons. The aircraft now possessed by the chief Air Powers are to be reduced to 500, half by June 1936, and half by the end of five years. Russia and America would be limited to 500 as well as Japan and the Four Powers most concerned, while Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia, and Spain would have 200 each. China is allotted 200 and Turkey 100.

A Permanent Commission

Another section confirms a prohibition already agreed to by the Disarmament Conference—total prohibition of all chemical, incendiary, and bacterial methods.

The final section sets up a Permanent Disarmament Commission, to be linked with the League, and to meet at least once a year.

The most important effect of the proposals is that it does away entirely with the military, naval, and air clauses as they affected Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria in the Treaties signed at the close of the war.

THINKING QUICKLY That Sensible Fellow

A man, keener eyed than his fellows, was walking along Northcote Road, Clapham Junction, the other day when he saw a 49 bus coming along with the driver huddled over the wheel as if he were asleep or ill.

Luckily for the passengers, the man who saw these things was quick-witted and deft in his movements. He jumped on to the front of the bus, a difficult and dangerous thing to do, and applied the hand brake. Then he jumped off and walked away.

It was found that the driver had died suddenly. But for the quick-witted man in the street there must have been a serious accident. It is terrible to think of a driverless bus charging down one of London's thronged streets.

Lord Fisher once told a friend of the C.N. that he had given Jellicoe supreme power simply because he could think two minutes quicker than other men. The man in the street who stopped the bus had the Jellicoe touch, as useful in peace as in war.

THE BIG PLOUGH

Spring in the Channel Islands

It is spring that sees the great event of the agricultural year in the Channel Islands, an event which may compare with our English Harvest Home.

Harvest Homes are almost a thing of the past, but the Big Plough is still a great day in these charming Channel Islands, when friends and neighbours meet for the sowing of the seed, most of them bringing some contribution toward the work of the day in the form of horses or implements.

The sower follows the plough, scattering the seed by hand as in Bible days. Sark shows a most amazing mixture of crops, beetroots, beans, peas, carrots, wheat, parsnips, and turnips, all jostling each other and seemingly sown on the principle that if one crop fails another is sure to succeed.

The farmer sees to the feeding of his honorary workers during the day, and there is invariably refreshment in the field, the day ending with a substantial supper. The fun lasts till far into the night, with singing and music and dancing; and thus is carried on a tradition which can be traced back to the earliest seed-sowing by the most primitive people.

ITALY AND PEACE

The Visit To Rome

The most hopeful immediate factor in the European situation lies in the common standpoint arrived at by the Prime Minister and Signor Mussolini during the visit to Rome.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had a magnificent reception, and his long talks with Signor Mussolini led to an Anglo-Italian understanding, on the basis of a possible Four-Power Pact between France, Germany, Italy, and Great Britain to preserve the peace of Europe for a definite period of five years, during which efforts shall be made to settle all the problems now creating such anxiety throughout the world.

MR MILES GOES TO WORK

The C.N. is glad to hear that Mr James Miles of Shirley, Southampton, celebrated his 70th birthday by going to work as usual.

The C.N. has told its readers about sturdy Mr Miles before. He is a ladder maker. He believes in early rising and hard work, and he does not believe in giving in to microbes and germs. He has just had influenza, and although we hear that old people cannot withstand it, Mr Miles has proved that they can.

Mr Miles's father lived to be 103, and his mother lived to be 99. He has a boy of 77, who, we hope, will keep up the family tradition.

NEWS FROM AN OLD ROOF

Sheep Shanks For Slate Pegs

We have a lot to learn from the old builders. They knew all about necessity being the mother of invention, and they used everything to hand before they looked over the next hillside.

A remarkable instance has come to light in that delightful old place Barnard Castle in County Durham, where some twelfth-century buildings have just been pulled down and it was found that the slates had been pegged with sheep bones, thin little shanks from two to four inches long.

This discovery led to the interesting revelation that it is nothing at all extraordinary to find sheep shanks as tile pegs in the remote parts of Northumberland, in buildings set up in days when a village had to depend on itself.

Houses were slated with sandstone slabs and pantiles called grey slates, quarried near the village, and the builders kept stocks of sheep shanks to use as tile pegs. They always lasted as long as the roof lasted, and it often happened that when an ancient roof was stripped the little bones were quite fit to be used again.

We are sorry to think of this old roof at Barnard Castle going, for more reasons than one. There are not many twelfth-century buildings left in England; and also here, under this sheep-shank and slate roof, tradition says, dwelled the watchmaker whose nice little shop started Dickens off on Master Humphrey's Clock.

OUR UNKNOWN FAIRIES

Pound Notes in Paper Parcels

Those who say there is no generosity in these hard times should read these stories of two of many of the unknown fairies who light lamps in the financial gloom which surrounds us.

A journalist has recently described the terrible state of the slums, scars on the lovely face of England which offend every lover of a decent life.

Shortly after the articles appeared Mr Morton received a brown-paper parcel, sent by ordinary post, inside which was an old tin.

Inside the tin were 192 one-pound notes!

The notes had evidently been collected one at a time—somebody's life-savings! Such savings were not a thing easy to part with, but they went, nevertheless, to help the slum-dwellers.

The other good fairy we tell of has sent an unregistered brown-paper parcel to the Manor House Hospital, Golders Green, N.W.

This parcel was stuffed with notes which valued £201!

The good fairy evidently wanted to do her bit for the new hospital for women workers which is to be built in the grounds of Ivy House, the old home of the famous dancer Pavlova.

THINGS SAID

What is turned out by our schools does not provide the type of mind to save civilisation. Sir Norman Angell

The English are the only people who have never come to Italy for conquest or plunder. Senor Vitetti

It would be good if we could break all stained-glass windows showing Christ as a pale, weak, unmanly figure. Bishop of Chelmsford

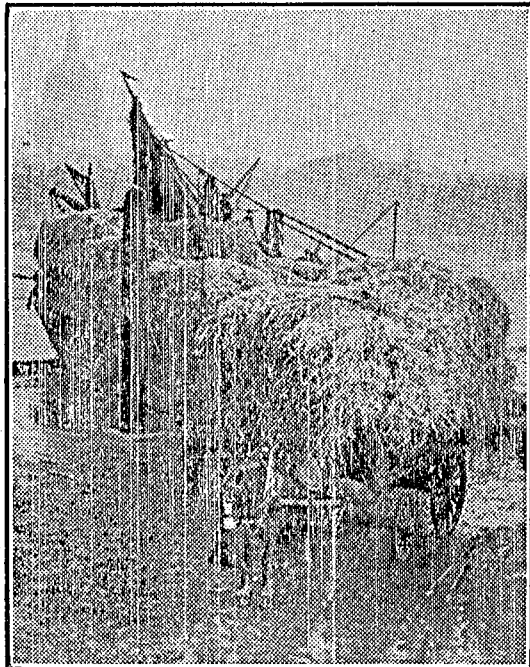
I will not fight, because I swore to myself in the trenches that I would do what I could to end war. Mr J. L. Hodson

The whole of England will always welcome an Australian team, even twice a year. English Test Captain

BOAT-RACE CREWS · A LONDON TOLL GATE · IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM



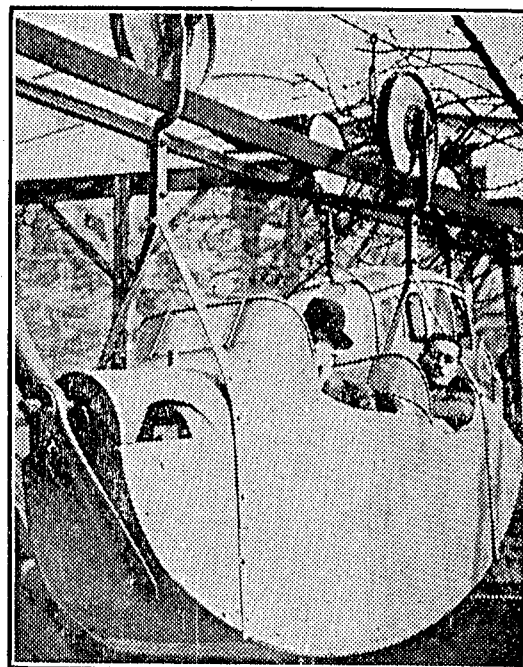
Cambridge—Here is the Cambridge crew which is to row in Saturday's Boat Race. For nine years running Cambridge has been the winner.



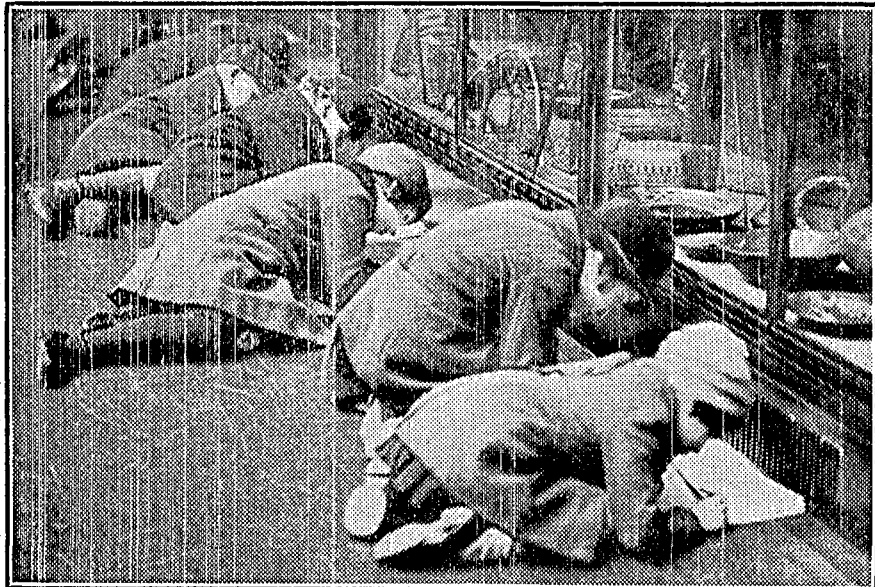
On the Bed of the Thames—At low tide carts can be driven on to the river-bed opposite St Paul's to be loaded with hay from a barge, as shown here.



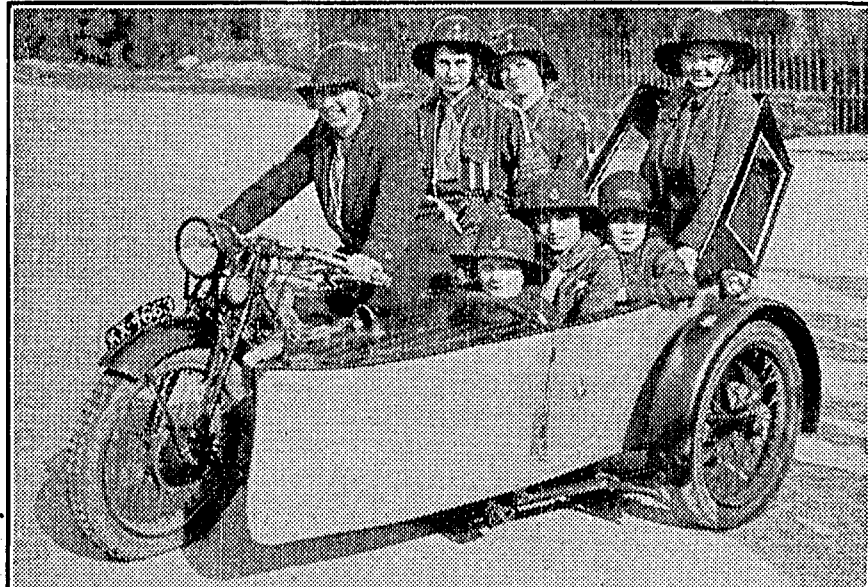
A London Toll Gate—It costs a motorist sixpence to pass this toll gate in Stratford, and threepence is charged for a cart. About 40 vehicles a day use the road.



An Aerial Railway—An experimental overhead railway has been built at Neuilly on the Seine. The little cars, as the picture shows, are drawn by air-screws.



The Floor as a Desk—Little students in the British Museum found that the most convenient way to make their notes was to place the paper on the floor.



We Are Seven—These Wiltshire Guides made a happy group as they crowded on to the machine of their officer, although they made too big a load to travel.



Oxford—Will this crew bring to an end the long succession of Cambridge wins and thus prevent Cambridge creating a record of more than nine successive wins? Since the University Boat Race first took place in 1829 Cambridge crews have won 43 times, Oxford 40, and in 1877 the result was a dead-heat.

TROUBLED COUNTRY OF THE EAST

SCENE OF THE JAPANESE WAR

A Land as Big as France and Germany Put Together

MANCHURIA AND ITS STORY

The fighting in the Far East has concentrated the attention of the world on Manchuria, China's Dependency to the North-East, concerning the settled government of which Japan has claimed the right to take action in defiance of the opinion of the civilised world.

Manchuria is a country of about 360,000 square miles, the size of France and Germany put together, and is surrounded by China Proper, Siberia, and Korea; it also has a sea-coast on which are some important harbours. Manchuria is divided into three provinces: Liao-Tung, of which Mukden is the capital in the South; Kirin in the centre; and Heilung-kiang in the North. The climate is temperate in summer and very cold in winter, but the soil is exceptionally fertile and the land is rich in timber and minerals.

The Long Rule of the Manchus

The Manchu people today form a small proportion of the inhabitants, of whom the great majority are Chinese immigrants; a strange reversal of things, for it was the Manchu rulers who overthrew the Ming dynasty in China in the time of Charles Stuart, and reigned over Greater China until 1912, imposing the pigtail on the Chinese people.

The European Powers were nibbling off little bits of the Chinese Empire in the nineteenth century, and were watching each other out of the corners of their eyes as they did so. Many ports, including Newchang in Manchuria, were thrown open to the ships of the world at that time.

The Siberian Railway

But Manchuria really came into the picture when Russia, ever seeking an ice-free port, decided to extend her Siberian railway to the Pacific and China was willing to allow it to pass through Manchuria. In 1893, however, the Japanese military attaché at Berlin rode home on his horse across Siberia and thoroughly alarmed his Government by his account of what he saw; Japan by no means liked the prospect of Russia extending her sway over her tottering neighbour.

In the following year a quarrel arose between China and Japan over the security of Japanese settlers in Korea. Japan won, and her army swept on and captured Port Arthur and the whole of the Liao-Tung Peninsula in Manchuria. But then Japan received a rebuff from Europe—France, Germany, and Russia stepping in and insisting that Japan should take an indemnity of 16 million pounds instead of keeping Liao-Tung, which she was to return to China.

Russia and Port Arthur

To the consternation of Japan, Russia, in 1898, by agreement with China, took Port Arthur, Dairen, and neighbouring territories on lease. Two years later even the Chinese rose against the increasing foreign encroachment, as they regarded it, and the Boxer rising occurred, with the result that Russia occupied Manchuria, settling Cossacks in it and extending its railways.

This was more than Japan could stand, and after vainly begging Russia to withdraw she went to war, was victorious, and by the Treaty of Portsmouth in 1905 came to an agreement that both countries should restore Manchuria to China, except for the Liao-Tung Peninsula, at the point of

THE RUSSIAN BUDGET

Planning Work as We Plan Money

AN IDEA WORTH THINKING OVER

The word Budget, as used by us, refers to the estimates of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the Government's expenditure a year in advance, and proposes the taxes to raise the money.

This involves careful estimates by the departments as to how much money they require to spend on the army, navy, air force, civil service, education, law courts, and so on, and equally careful estimates as to what taxes will yield. The ideal budget would exactly balance the expected revenue against the expected expenditure.

The Second Five-Year Plan

In Russia the budget has a much wider meaning, because the Government not only rules the country but decides in advance what work shall be done.

This Russian method involves Government decision as to what shall be produced in Russia in every line of endeavour. In actual fact an estimate is made for several years in advance, the second Five-Year Plan beginning in the present year 1933. For 1933 very big increases are planned alike in agriculture, in electricity, in coal, in oil, in iron and other metals, in machinery, in chemicals, and in general manufacturing.

Thus, whereas in 1932 about 64 million tons of coal were produced, 84 millions are budgeted for in 1933. Whereas about six million tons of steel were produced in 1932, the estimate for 1933 is nearly nine million tons.

Intelligent Guesswork

It is also planned to raise the number of cattle from under eight millions in 1932 to about nine in 1933, while it is planned to raise the number of pigs from under four millions in 1932 to five millions in 1933, these figures relating to the big farms only.

Necessarily all this budgeting is based on intelligent guesswork, for one can never state precisely in advance how much work will be done in a given time. We know in our own case that estimates of revenue and expenditure do not always come out as we desire, but we know also that it is better to make an estimate than not to make one. So the Russians hold that it is better to plan work in advance than not to plan it, even though it is true that precise results cannot be determined in advance.

Continued from the previous column

which Port Arthur lies. There Japan took over Russia's rights.

A few months later China agreed to the opening of 16 Manchurian ports to foreign trade, and allowed Japan to build a railway to Mukden.

At the outbreak of the Great War Japan seized the German territory in China Proper, and then forced from China a treaty according her, among other things, privileges in Southern Manchuria and in Inner Mongolia beyond. Ever since then her people have been strengthening their hold on the trade and communications in Manchuria, greatly hindered, however, by the general lawlessness of Chinese irregulars and bandits. It is claimed that she has invested over £200,000,000 in Manchuria, providing work for the thirty million Chinese who have emigrated there and trade for her industries at home.

In 1929 the shipping using the ports of Manchuria reached the vast figure of 16,000,000 tons, of which 63 per cent was Japanese, China coming next with 12, and this country next with 11 per cent. So rich is the country in natural wealth that it will be able to support a population of 100,000,000, whom Japan anticipates supplying with goods from her industrial factories in return for cereals, furs, timber, hides, and fish.

See World Map

LITTLE PEOPLE IN THE TRANSVAAL

Works of a Vanished Race

A JOLLY BIT OF NEWS

A fascinating piece of news has been published in Africa.

Those poetic old Irish peasant women and those dear old Cornishwomen and those shrewd old Scottish grannies were right. The wee folk did exist. Once upon a time, just as the legends tell, there were little people. Then they were overthrown and driven out.

The discovery of some of their works, which is hailed as very important by the ethnological experts at Witwatersrand University, was made by a layman, Mr D. S. van der Merwe, Assistant-Registrar of Mining Titles on the Rand.

In the Northern Transvaal he has found the forgotten works of a vanished race. These long-dead men had made an irrigation system of huge extent, and built a great dam. They were miners, for he has found an implement of the type used by ancient copper miners.

They worshipped something greater than themselves, for he has found an altar, evidently made for sacrifices, and it is approached by causeways and staircases so small that they could only be used by very small people.

What's in a Name?

The dear old countrywomen who used to tell us tales of the Little People said the tiny folk who used those stairs were fairies. Ethnologists call them pygmies. But what's in a name?

The old belief that a tiny race once peopled the world seems to be a sound belief, based on stories handed down through thousands of years. The skeletons of tiny men were found near Schaffhausen in Switzerland.

A Chinese writer of the 13th century describes a dwarf race in the Philippine Islands. The ancients wrote of pygmies in Thrace and India. Today there are pygmies living in the forests of equatorial Africa. They are fierce and shy, like the fairies of legend.

The tiny folk who made the dam and built the altar found by Mr van der Merwe must have been more civilised.

Mr van der Merwe's photographs and measurements have been given to Witwatersrand University. Experts say they are the most complete and systematic that have ever been produced by a layman.

See World Map

ANOTHER BATTLE WON

Nature Harnessed in the Punjab

The villages of the Punjab in North India will shortly be bright with electricity, the hot midday air will be cooled by electric fans, the wheels of industry will move with the touch of a button.

British engineers, with the cooperation of Indians, have been working for over ten years at this great scheme in a mountain area where two rivers run parallel, one 3000 feet above the other.

The water of the higher has been turned into a reservoir, and a tunnel of over two miles allows the water to run into the lower river with sufficient force to produce all the electric power needed.

The nearest station was 120 miles away, so a small railway was constructed to carry 115,000 tons of material to the foot of the mountain, while a tramway took it up the steep slopes. The big iron and steel girders had to be hauled up separately past projecting rocks. The cables, each weighing nearly ten tons, were made in Birmingham.

Five thousand workers and their families had to be catered for, and houses, schools, and hospitals built.

The temporary conditions resembled those of war time, but this war was against hard rocks and hills and natural powers; and man has won.

A LOST CITY OF FRANCE

FOUND AFTER TWENTY CENTURIES

The Man Who Wrote Books and Loved Everybody

MORE LIGHT ON THE PAST

From Our Paris Correspondent

The discovery of the ruins of a city buried in the heart of France for over 2000 years is thought to confirm the statement of a foreigner who, 400 years ago, dared to stand alone against one of the oldest traditions of the country.

His name was Simeoni. He came from Florence. He had settled in Auvergne, where he was famous as the man who wrote books and loved everybody. One day Simeoni was invited to a literary assembly at the Court of Auvergne, and the talk fell on the history of the region.

"We all know," said one of the guests, "that the city of Clermont-Ferrand is no other than ancient Gergovia, where King Vercingetorix defeated Caesar himself in 52 B.C."

"May I suggest that it is wrong to connect this tradition with your noble capital?" remarked Simeoni. "I know where the town of Gergovia really stood, and I can show it to you from here."

A Very Interesting Point

Then, pointing to the Plateau of Merdagne, ten miles off, the Florentine went on:

"It is on that very spot and no other that the Gauls checked the Roman invasion. May I say that I have studied the problem for myself and that I can furnish many proofs of the accuracy of my declaration, the most conclusive of these being the following: Romagnat and Aubière are the names of the two villages closest to the Plateau of Merdagne. If we put these two names together we find in Latin the phrase: *There died the Romans*."

This appeared to be a very interesting point, yet people returned to their homes that evening more or less persuaded that Simeoni had probably mistaken piles of stones for bulwarks.

Many years went by till, in 1709, the question officially arose as to where the famous Gaulic city of Gergovia had really stood. As Simeoni had written a book on the subject his suggestion was again taken up. Experts settled on the Plateau of Merdagne, studied it, and made records, but finally gave up for lack of sufficient information.

Great Revelations Awaited

In 1765 the procedure was repeated, with no better result, and a third attempt in 1788 dissolved into mere jokes, a newspaper of the time writing that Merdagne was like the mountain of the fable, it was to give birth to a town, but yielded a cell, a cave, and a well.

Yet the Florentine was perhaps right, and it has been given to an artist to come across great ruins here. A short time ago Maurice Buset roamed about the Plateau of Merdagne in quest of a place to paint. Persistent rains having brought about a landslide, he came upon something which looked like the entrance to a cavern and, to his amazement, led him to the discovery of what may be the famous Gergovia of long ago.

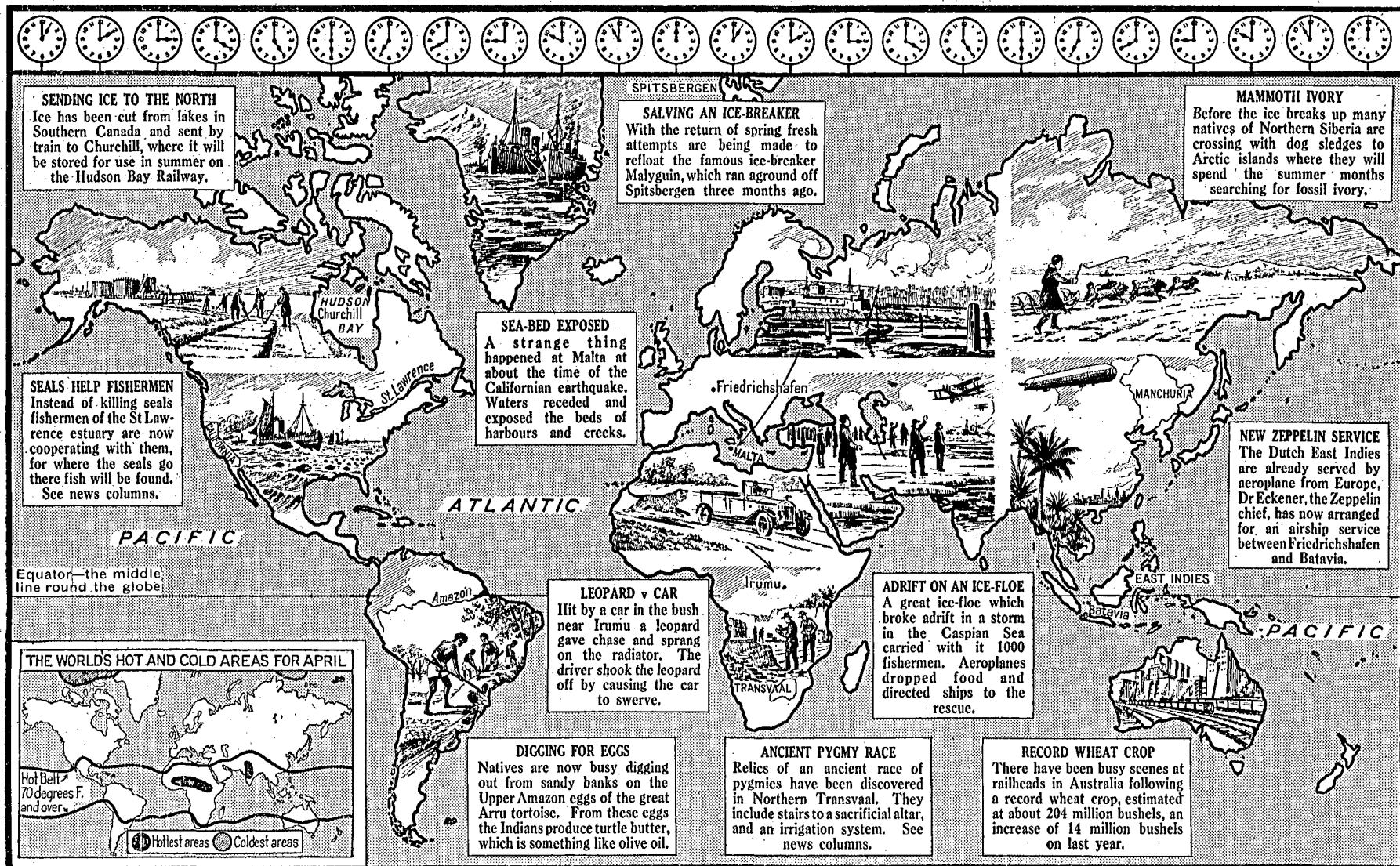
Active excavations are now bringing to light every bit of the old walls, and we await eagerly great revelations concerning their true history.

THE NEWEST BOILER

The newest type of steam boiler consists of a single tube bent back and forth upon itself.

One of these boilers which has just been constructed is made of a tube a mile and a half long. The tube is heated in a special type of furnace, and generates steam at tremendous pressure.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



BETTER THAN KILLING Men Cooperating With Seals ALL THINGS HAVE THEIR USES

In the immense estuary of the St Lawrence River the Canadians have a proverb that there is good in every ill, and so it seems.

The fishermen there are no longer trying to exterminate their formidable competitors the seals in their search for fish, but are watching the exact places to which the seals go, following them up; and they find by their movements a sure indication where the fish may be found.

It is a safe rule that if there are no seals there are no fish.

Up to now the seal has been looked upon as the arch-enemy of the fishermen because of the immense quantities of fish it destroys.

At the time when the salmon is seeking the rivers around the shores, whether Canadian or British, to ascend to its breeding-grounds, there the seals turn up, and declare to the men on the look-out where they may look for salmon. On the Atlantic shores of North America the seals show where are to be found the beds of oysters and the choicest rock-lobsters.

Aeroplanes are used to locate fish which move about in shoals; but they have limits, owing to water depth, and also they cost too much, except for fishing on a grand scale. Here the seals come in.

It is a happy idea—cooperation instead of extermination. See World Map

Hampshire has 40,000 more men than women.

According to the National Institute for the Blind the number of sightless babies under five has fallen by nearly 16 per cent in the past two years.

WE ARE HIS PEOPLE Every Child's Proud Boast

Three more weeks and the vouchers for the C.N.'s birthday volume of Shakespeare will be complete.

Three more coupons to cut from the back page, a postal order for 2s 11d, and in exchange the finest children's edition of Shakespeare ever produced.

What an exchange! Here are 22 of the greatest plays ever written, whose words are wit and wisdom and music in one, whose people are as real as the great names of history, whose magic has crossed frontiers, language, and trade barriers, and found eager hosts throughout the world.

This strolling player who died 300 years ago still strolls round the world as he strolled round England; and we who follow in his footsteps find a welcome because of him and the tales he has told of our England.

A waiter in a Spanish inn, a guard on a Hungarian train, a Japanese shop-keeper—so often we find that they know Shakespeare, and have a friendly feeling for one of his countrymen; so often one of his own countrymen is made to feel a little shy and vague before the glowing knowledge of a man who can only approach this genius through an interpreter or in a language not his own.

But we are his countrymen. His language is ours. It is our green fields he loves. His friends are everywhere, but we are his own people; and there should be a place for him in every home of ours, that every English child may come into his heritage.

And so to every C.N. home we wish a good entry for Arthur Mee's Children's Shakespeare.

It is yours if you act now, and use the order form in last week's C.N.

SHOES THAT MAY MEAN DEATH

The Celluloid Peril Again

For years the C.N. has been waging war against the use of celluloid. One might as well give a child a box of matches as a toy of this highly inflammable nature; and the following letter we have received from a reader in the boot trade shows that the danger has even crept in there.

One wet day, about three weeks ago, my daughter was in a small shop where fancy goods are sold. The place was heated by an electric radiator. Two other customers were in the shop, one a young girl wearing high-heeled shoes.

All at once the girl discovered that both her shoe heels were ablaze. Luckily the fire was damped out before her clothing caught fire or any other damage was done.

No one realised for the moment what had occurred till my daughter pointed out to them that it was the celluloid-covered heels which had caught fire from the radiator, though the girl was standing more than a yard away from it.

I have been in the boot and shoe-making business all my life and know the inflammable nature of the celluloid cover on some heels, which is doubly dangerous because the celluloid-covered heel is always a wooden one.

I am passing this on to you in the hope that it may help to save some life.

FARMS TO BE ABOLISHED No More Musk Rats at Home

No more licences are to be issued for musk rat farms in this country, and the Government has bought out those it had already allowed to be established.

However carefully the farms were managed, it proved impossible to prevent the rats escaping into open country and doing great damage. The rats multiply very rapidly and the Government Order has come not a day too soon.

OUR PEOPLE DO LOVE BIRDS

What Lord Buckmaster Told the Lords

NONSENSE FROM THE HOME OFFICE

Lord Buckmaster has been a public man for many years, and has led campaigns of a highly controversial nature, yet he has never received so many letters from such a variety of people as he has had about his Bill for the protection of wild birds.

He was telling a House of Lords Committee the other day about this huge correspondence. It is astonishing how greatly English people care for birds. Unfortunately it is sometimes a blind and selfish love, which keeps some wretched lark a prisoner while the gaoler calls it a pet.

Lord Buckmaster told the Committee the Bill is based on two beliefs: That the snaring and caging of wild birds is cruel, and that it can be stopped.

A memorandum from the Home Office expressed the belief that it could not be stopped, because so many people were engaged in the traffic, and as many as five or seven dozen wild birds are caught in a day.

Was ever such nonsense? Lord Buckmaster said that it was like saying: "As so many people are engaged in burglary and in the selling of burglar's instruments, burglary ought not to be a crime."

One day we shall be civilised enough to love wild birds and wild flowers without greed. We shall be content to hear the thrush in the hazel, and see the bluebells in the glade, without wanting to take them away for our very own. Meanwhile laws must protect them.

DOES YOUR KINEMA USE THE SAFETY FILM?

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 1. 1933

Poor Prospero

THANKS to Mrs Biggs in Punch, and to the creator of Eros at a lecture to architects, the Futurists have had a bad week for the unveiling of the caricature of Prospero which has now been added to the sufferings of the sensitive public of London.

It seems to us a profound pity that the B.B.C. should allow this sort of furniture to be set up on its magnificent house.

We are used to the B.B.C.'s Depressions from Iceland, but why put them over the front door?

Is it necessary that this fantastic rubbish should be paraded before us at the very gate of the Temple? (For the B.B.C. has become the temple of our race in a sense that Shakespeare himself would have appreciated well.) We have this stuff already on the Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford; was it necessary that the last of Shakespeare's great characters, and his delicate Ariel, should suffer this indignity?

Who can look at this thing and think of Ariel tripping on his toe—*Do you love me, master? No?* Who can look up at this vision of Melancholy Asleep and think of Prospero waving his wand among the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces?

We like Shakespeare's Prospero rather than Mr Eric Gill's depressed old gentleman. We like Prospero's Ariel skipping on the winds rather than this elongated creature shrinking from having his feet put in cold water.

We do not know what Sir Alfred Gilbert, designer of the lovely Eros, thinks of this cowering version of Ariel, but we were interested to see that he was bored by a lecture on all this rubbish called modern sculpture, for he interrupted by asking more than once whether we "are expected to take this sort of thing seriously?" The lecturer said we were, and Sir Alfred walked out.

How long the public will consent to be made the butt of this poor sort of humour in stone it is impossible to say.

We think that probably a future generation will break up this stuff for crazy pavements. The B.B.C. Prospero would make a good beginning. Perhaps the time is not yet. Like influenza, the disease must run its course. But we think a very apt commentary is made in Punch by Mrs Biggs the artist's charlady. "I've sold this one, Mrs Biggs," says the artist, and Mrs Biggs replies: "Us ought to go shares, then. Some of them smudges I did when I was 'avin' a dust round."

Not a few of our architectural statues would be much improved by some attention from the Lady with the Duster, and we much regret that the B.B.C. should have added to the number.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Birth and Death of an Idea

ONE of the greatest ideas that ever was born has lived a short life and died.

It was the idea that nations which have declared that war is a crime should not so far forget their sense of honour when one nation commits the crime as to make a profit out of it by selling the criminal munitions.

It is to the eternal honour of this country that it gave birth to this idea in the most practical way that was possible; it is to the eternal shame of other nations that they killed the idea almost as soon as it was born.

But there will be a resurrection.

Why Wait?

ONCE more we should like to say a word on the Slums. Why should their rebuilding wait with all this labour idle? Why go on inquiring into what everybody knows?

What has slum clearance in Hull or Glasgow to do with the state of affairs in New York, Manchuria, or Timbuctoo? Whatever the condition of foreign affairs there is not the slightest reason why we should neglect our own homeland. Foreign trouble has no more to do with clearing a slum in England than an eruption in Mars.

We would go farther still and say that the worse the condition of foreign trade the greater the energy we should display at home. We may not feel able to do much to put the world straight, but we might at least try to put our own house in order.

Is it not time our National Government became national?

Three Out-of-Works Find Work

WE are inclined to rejoice that when puddings were distributed to some hundreds of unemployed workmen not long ago the men resented an attempt to photograph them.

We do well to remind ourselves that an unemployed man may be at least as good as most of us, and may indeed be made of better stuff than some of us.

It may sound too strange to be true, but it is true that three European Prime Ministers have all known what it is to be out of work—in Italy Mussolini, in Germany Herr Hitler, in our own country Mr Ramsay MacDonald.

All these have known the pinch of extreme poverty, but are now rulers of men. We have not the slightest doubt that each of the three remembers every day to contrast his present height of power with his lowly past. It will be well for any one of us to bear prosperity, if it comes to us, with great humility.

Put up again thy sword into his place, for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Jesus

Two Friends

To my old and valued friend was the inscription on a wreath at the funeral of Mr Frederick Valentine Smith.

He was a labourer on the Duke of Rutland's estate, and the friend who mourned him so was the duke himself, who walked behind his servant on his last ride Home.

Money

Money, the life-blood of the nation, Corrupts and stagnates in the veins Unless a proper circulation Its motion and its heat maintains.

Written by Dean Swift 200 years ago

Tip-Cat

SOME people are always criticising the modern child's manners. Others say he hasn't any.

A CHEERFUL outlook helps to ward off illness. Avoid ill looks.

UMBRELLAS are a little longer than they used to be. But their owners won't keep them long.

A WELL-KNOWN film star is having private tennis lessons. Going in for Secret Service.

AN American says he is always running into old acquaintances in London.

He should drive more carefully.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If they had hard times in the Stone Age

A LONDON railway official is an expert boxer. Knows how to punch tickets.

A LADY says she rejoices in the fact that tea was introduced into this country. Her cup is full.

EVEN evergreens make a fresh start in the spring, says a gardener. Turn over a new leaf.

SHOES retain their shape if kept in trees, we are told. What if you've only a window-box.

MILLIONAIRES are gradually fading away. They will soon be mist.

A MINIATURE purse to fasten to the palm of the hand has been invented. The smaller the better these days.

THE fellow who thinks himself a wit is usually half right.

A MODEL of Hitler in wax has just been completed. Usually he makes other people waxy.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

VENTNOR is getting rid of a mine exhibited in its park as a war relic.

MR W. J. COURTAULD has given the Botanic Gardens at Cambridge £6000 to repair their glasshouses.

JUST AN IDEA

Strange that the business man, wanting space in the papers, must pay for it, while the film star need only lose her pearls.

April

You are a symbol, April, of man's story,
Showing him, with your sunshine and your rain,
His ancient tale of travail and of glory,
Of fearfulness, and trust revived again.

You seem so young, as one unused to sorrow;

A moment, and your skies are overcast

As though you cannot wait until tomorrow

When that which brought you tears will all be past.

Although you are not very staunch or staple,

And often seem too moody to be kind,
We love you for your radiant beauty,

April,

But chiefly that May follows hard behind!

Marjorie Wilson

Christopher

By Our Country Girl

IT is pleasant to know that among C.N. readers, or rather lookers (for, being three, he enjoys the pictures only), there is growing up a great man of science.

The hall-mark of science is a passion for exact truth, and it seems that Christopher possesses it.

"Are you dry everywhere?" asked Mother, bath towel in hand, the other night.

He considered, and replied "No."

"Where are you wet?"

"I'm a little bit wet inside my mouf," he said gravely.

Next morning it was baby's bath-time, and Mother, having dried and dressed her, looked up to see Christopher approaching the tub with a wooden spoon brandished on high.

"Don't splash, Christopher," she cried.

"No, Mummie," he said, with sweet reasonableness in his voice, "I'm not going to splash. It's the water that's going to splash!"

It did, immediately.

The Giant

There came a giant to my door,
A giant fierce and strong,
His step was heavy on the floor,
His arms were ten yards long.

He scowled and frowned; he shook the ground;
I trembled through and through;
At length I looked him in the face,
And cried, Who cares for you?

The mighty giant as I spoke
Grew pale and thin and small;
And through his body, as twas smoke,
I saw the sunshine fall.
His blood-red eyes turned blue as skies,
He whispered soft and low.
Is this, I cried, with glowing pride,
Is this the mighty foe?

He sunk before my earnest face,
He vanished quite away,
And left no shadow on his place
Between me and the day.
Such giants come to strike us dumb,
But, weak in every part,
They melt before the strong man's eyes,
And fly the true of heart.

Charles Mackay

DRAMATIC CHANGE IN EUROPE

GERMANY ASTONISHES THE WORLD

Hitler's Extraordinary March To Power

WHAT HAS HAPPENED—AND WHAT WILL HAPPEN?

A new Germany has burst on the world like a tidal wave.

For suddenness and completeness nothing like this great revolution has been seen in our time. There were mutterings before the storm. Discontent aggravated by the bad times that all the world shared was swelling among the workmen, and the Communist found willing listeners among them. Brown shirts among young Germany and steel helmets in old Prussia were witnesses to the existence of a military spirit that would not be crushed.

Wordy Conflicts

Yet all the time there were the comings and goings of politicians, the wordy conflicts between Communists, Socialists, and Nationalists, the bargaining of parliamentary parties like the Centre, the Right, and all the others in the Reichstag, all seemingly endless and futile. To some Hitler was a hero and a saviour of his country; to others a spouting fountain. Nobody was clear whether he was the puppet of President Hindenburg and the Prussian generals who came and went, or whether, on the other hand, he was their Dictator and his country's Mussolini.

Then in ten days the thing is done. The political parties are swept like dross into the melting-pot. The Nazi Brown Shirts of Hitlerism have rolled the country flat. All the component States which Bismarck welded into his Germany, leaving them nevertheless their own individuality, have been painted brown. Bavaria, Baden, Wurtemberg, Saxony, are governed by small Nazi dictators. Smaller States have been forcibly made friends if they needed persuasion to enrol themselves under the Hitlerite banner.

Cruel Violence

On that banner is the device of the Swastika, the ancient Cross of Asia. Much cruel violence has been done under the sign of that cross, much that was bitterly unjust, much that must bring its own punishment, for it is as true now as it was twenty centuries ago that "the strokes of injustice will surely rebound."

We may hope and believe that the malignant and even murderous attacks on the Jews in Germany were made by that criminal rabble from which no revolutionary movement can free itself; but the removal from his post of the Burgomaster of Cologne, the seizure of towns like Mannheim, the shutting-up of newspapers, the arrest of directors and editors, and the virtual suppression of all those prominent in their want of sympathy with the movement, are not individual acts of blackguardism but the collective responsibility of the leaders of the movement.

Fighting Youth

We may say of them that, whatever their methods, they have done their work thoroughly. We lately received a letter from a German in one of the towns we have named saying that Germany ought to be grateful to Hitler for removing the Communist menace.

Whether that is the true view only time can show. It is certain that the New Germany that is now appearing in Europe is a Germany of forcible and fighting youth.

Within the memory of most older people there have been at least two

SAM SETS GEORGE UP IN BUSINESS

Here is a very fine story of how a North Country working-man is helping an unemployed friend he has taken into his home. It is sent to us by a correspondent who lives in the same town.

SAM is a foreman baker at a bakery in Manchester. He starts work at six in the morning and never gets back before seven in the evening, cycling eight miles each way.

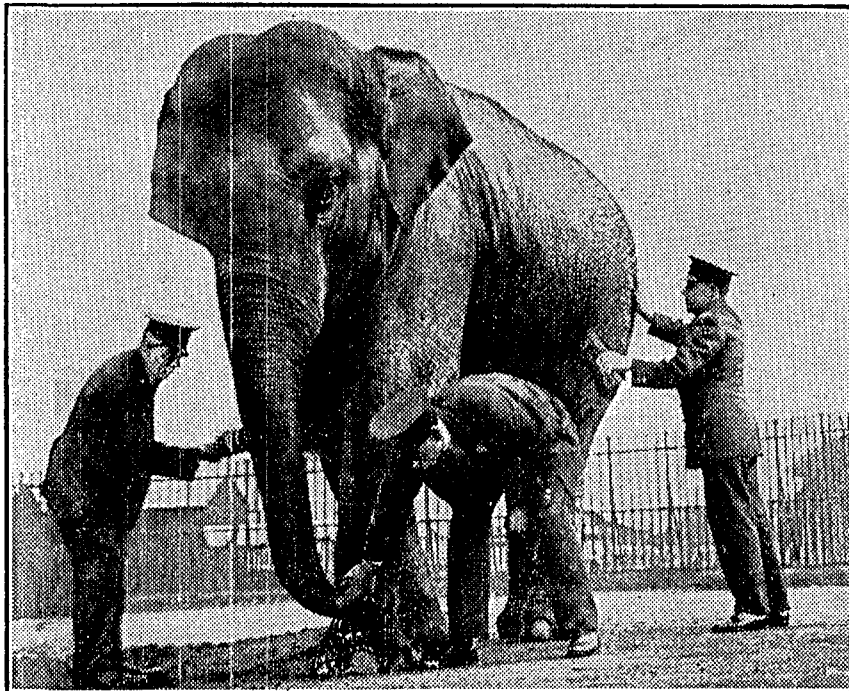
Yet when he arrives home he sets to work again and bakes bread in two of the old-fashioned mugs which used to be used for this purpose; and the next day George, the unemployed friend, starts out on a motor-cycle with a box fixed in place of the side-car, and sells

the bread from door to door. *And the profit is his.*

Sam bought the baking mugs, the motor-cycle, and the side-box; he pays for the licence and the petrol; he buys the flour and installed the gas ovens necessary for the baking, and his friend lives with Sam and his sister for nowt, as they say in Lancashire.

Of course, as soon as George gets his business established Sam will gradually withdraw some of his support; but he has been doing all this for nine months, and George knows that he has got more than money behind him; he has got as staunch a friend as ever the North Country produced.

SPRING-CLEANING THE ANIMALS



Grooming time for an elephant at the London Zoo



Signs of spring-cleaning are now evident on all sides, and even the Zoo elephants and Landseer's lions in Trafalgar square, to mention but two examples, are being made spick and span in readiness for the sunny days to come.

Continued from the previous column

Germanys before it. There was the Germany of the peaceful German professor with his book, his pipe, and his music. There was the Germany which accepted the part of the mailed fist imposed on it by Prussia and the Kaiser, though it was at the same time a Germany working as hard in the field of science as in the field of agriculture.

Here is a New Germany. In which of these paths will it follow?

Upon that question depends the hope and Peace of our time and the coming generation. There are signs as we write

that the situation may quieten down and the state of Europe may improve. We believe in the power of our own Prime Minister, with Signor Mussolini, to create a saner feeling and a steadier outlook in all the nations now so agitated. The way will open up to a Revision of the Peace Treaty where it is unjust; and with a broader base of justice will come increased security. Neither in Europe nor anywhere else, neither now nor at any time, can there be Peace without Justice, and it is for this that we must strive with all the power we have.

PEACE FOLLOWS THE BUS

ONE MORE HELPER IN THE GREAT CAUSE

How It is Working on the Roads of Far-Away Waziristan TRAVELLING WITHOUT A RIFLE

A bus has done more than the most eloquent preacher could do in Waziristan, in the North-West Frontier Province of India. It has disarmed the warlike tribesmen in that area.

Colonel F. P. Barnes, Mechanical Transport Adviser to the Indian Army, lecturing before the Royal Society of Arts, told his audience about the pacifying bus.

In Waziristan every man used to go armed, just as in England every man carries a pocket-handkerchief. No tribesman used to feel safe without his rifle; and still, if you meet him on foot, you will find him carrying that weapon.

Beginning of a New Era

A fine circular road has been made through Waziristan, and the road tempted some Indians to start a bus service. Of course it was a risky business, and we may be sure their wives told them they would be robbed or murdered; but the bus was bought, and a new era began.

The bus holds 12 to 14 people. In a land where travel is so difficult there are nearly always 16 to 20 people clamouring to ride. Sometimes they even sit on the mudguards. Rifles take up a lot of space, and on one part of the bus route the tribesmen go without rifles in order to find room on the bus.

To see men travelling unarmed is a marvellous thing in Waziristan. It is making people think. It is driving out fear. It is establishing a liking for law and order.

Taking to New Notions

After all, it is a pleasant thing to be able to visit your father, many long miles away, without weariness or danger. It is good to be able to earn your bread without having to fight for it.

The tribesmen are beginning to take less pride in their rifles, and have developed a kindly feeling for new notions like buses and trust and peace.

In English villages people constantly say that buses have revolutionised life. It may be a little exaggeration to say this of the friendly bus that takes Mother into the market town, or brings Mary home on her half-day; but it is quite a true thing to say of the bus that is civilising Waziristan.

How odd it is that treaties and pamphlets and lectures, all designed to make peace, should sometimes fail, while a dusty old bus succeeds.

A PLANE THAT WILL NOT SINK

When a plane, other than a seaplane or flying-boat, is forced down at sea it may keep afloat long enough for its occupants to be rescued or it may sink almost immediately.

Not so the new Fairey Seal, however, for this machine is unsinkable. It was tested in the sea the other day, and while it was floating was struck by a pinnacle. The fuselage and tail were damaged, yet the machine remained afloat. Then it was struck by a battleship, disappeared momentarily, and once more bobbed up.

The secret of the plane's buoyancy is a series of airbags placed in the fuselage and wings. The Fairey Seal is for use with the Fleet and can be used either as a seaplane or as a deck-landing machine with wheels. If the plane were forced down on the water its occupants need not sit and wait to be rescued, for inside one of the wings is stowed away a collapsible rubber dinghy. By pulling a cord this boat is released and at the same time inflated from a container of compressed air.

SURPRISE PARCELS

Hundreds of Toys But No Food

The thrill of a surprise parcel, like the thrill of the darkened theatre before the curtain rises, is not one we easily grow out of.

We can well imagine, therefore, the joy in many a hungry mountain home in Saxony when surprise parcels began arriving, all filled with food.

The peasants in these villages over 2000 feet high suffered greatly during the winter. They used to support themselves by making cheap wooden toys, most of which came to England; but since we raised a tariff wall against them the peasants have found no market for their toys.

That is why an Englishwoman, knowing of the misery come to these people through no fault of their own, sent out money to a friend in Dresden to help to relieve their distress; and that is the explanation of these surprise parcels.

A Widow's Gratitude

One poor widow, working at home with her youngest daughter, had for years earned a living by making dominoes. She could hardly believe that the parcel was meant for her. Both she and her old father felt there must be some mistake, and made the postman wait while they opened it.

And then the peasant woman sat down and wrote a letter to the address she found inside the packet. We give this extract from it:

I thought I was dreaming when the postman handed in the big parcel. It could not be mine, and yet it was addressed to me. From Dresden? The sender was unknown to me. My father (who is 81) and I scarcely had the courage to open it. But what joy came over me, such as I had not felt for many years, when I saw so much food all at once, food which we had not even earned. Since September we have not been able to earn even a penny with our dominoes. We are told that there is something which hinders them being imported into England. Not a single piece is ordered now. I hope I may be able to send you a parcel of toys. I will ask the minister how to do so.

When will the world realise that a tariff wall is, as this peasant woman puts it, something which hinders the world instead of helping it?

WHO WAS DANTE?

Born, Florence, 1265. Died, Ravenna, 1321.

Of honourable and ancient lineage, Durante Alighieri was the son of a lawyer, and in his young manhood fought with bravery in the wars in which Florence was engaged. In the struggle of his native State to defeat the plan of the Pope to make Florence simply a dependency of the Papacy, Dante took an active part. He was afterwards sent on a mission to the Pope, and never permitted to return.

The faction with which he was allied losing the day, a baseless charge of peculation was preferred against him, sentence of banishment passed, followed later by threat of execution.

For many years he was a wanderer, teacher, and student, acquiring that vast store of knowledge which made him the intellectual phenomenon of his age. Florence, which he so loved, he never saw again. As to the production of his works no chronological record exists; nor does that much matter. His *Divine Comedia* is loved wherever men have a written language. Dante gave Italy a language and a literature.

The Beatrice of his dreams was Beatrice Portinari, whom he met when he was a child of nine and she a few months younger. His passion for her was idyllic. She was married at the age of 20, and died four years later; and some years afterwards Dante himself married a Florentine lady, and had several children.

RICH AND VERY RICH

Our Very Small Group

As the Chancellor of the Exchequer levies a special tax, called the surtax, on citizens whose income exceeds £2000 a year, we are able to say definitely how many rich people we have. The number, as revealed by the report of the Inland Revenue Commissioners for the financial year ended March 1930, is only 105,517. Their aggregate income is shown to be £577,314,000, so that the average income is over £5000.

Of the 105,517 rich persons, the greater number have less than £5000 a year. Only 29,072 persons have incomes over £5000 a year.

If we seek for those richer still, persons with over £10,000 a year, we find that they are 9657.

Since March 1930 trade has been so bad that we shall probably find when the figures become available that the number of rich persons has fallen.

Taking the facts of the last year available, however, it is true to say that the rich form a very small part of our people and the very rich an insignificant part.

Thus, if we add the families of the taxpayers, we see that those with over £5000 a year, numbering 29,072, can represent, at most, about 150,000 men, women, and children.

As our population is roundly 46 million men, women, and children, this means that those families with over £5000 a year form only about one in 300 of the population.

THE TRAIN IN THE VALLEY

Staffordshire To Lose Its Little Hill Railway

One of England's most delightful little railways is likely to go out of business, a victim of the motor-car.

The railway, which has a gauge of two feet six inches, runs for nearly ten miles as it twists and turns and climbs through the beautiful Manifold Valley in Staffordshire. From Waterhouses, where it joins the normal-gauge line from Leek, it runs to Hulme End, near Hartington, and when it was opened 25 years ago it gave to the farmers on the lonely hillsides the means of sending milk and other farm produce to the outside world.

Now, however, the produce is collected from the farms by motor-vans, and so most of the railway's traffic has gone. There is very little passenger traffic, except in summer, when ramblers go exploring in the valley. But this traffic is not sufficient to pay for the upkeep of the line, so the L.M.S. Railway is seeking powers in Parliament to close it.

And thus will disappear the only light railway to be built in England in the style of the hill railways of India.

THE WISE OLD FARMER

We like the thing Viscount Lymington has said about the old farmers and farm labourers.

He was telling an interviewer about the 3000 acres which he is farming on modern lines, with caterpillar tractors and water laid on to the fields.

But he says that he has "learned the greatest respect for the old instinctive wisdom of the farmers who did things because they had learned from their fathers that that was the way to do them. Over and over again they were right; and all science has done is to show why they were right."

It is pleasant to know that in spite of the machinery and the labour-saving methods which make it possible for one man and a boy to look after 67 cows, he is employing more men than the farmers employed by the old methods, and the land is producing more.

This is one of the most cheerful things we have heard about agriculture for a long time.

HYMETTUS

New Forest on a Famous Mountain

Hymettus! The very word takes us back to honey-bees, to all the sun-drenched, heroic world of ancient Greece, and our mind's eye pictures shrines and temples to the gods and goddesses of an antique time built of the bluish marble from its slopes.

But to know only those things about Hymettus is to know but half its story. To bring ourselves up to date concerning its history we need to find out what its primary school is doing in our own time.

The children of Hymettus today are re-foresting its slopes. The Greek Agricultural Society, hearing of the school's ambitious plans, sent them through the Junior Red Cross 45 ornamental trees for their school garden and a forestry expert to guide them. They have recently planted 1400 young pine trees on their famous mountain.

By the time their children are ready to play on these slopes there will be a fine forest to give them shade on hot summer afternoons.

STILL KING COAL

New Petrol For Aeroplanes

This Petrol Age is not to bring about the dethronement of King Coal. It seems likely that it will establish him more firmly than ever.

Only a few weeks ago the C.N. reported that the Admiralty had placed an order for a twelve-months supply of coal oil for use in the Navy. Now comes the news that the Air Ministry has placed a similar order for aviation petrol made from English coal.

The petrol is produced as a by-product in the manufacture of a smokeless fuel by the low-temperature carbonisation process. One complete squadron of the R.A.F. is already flying on coal petrol, and the fact that it can be used successfully in the air is evidence of the new fuel's high quality.

We have no petroleum deposits worth mentioning in England, but it would seem that our vast stores of coal can be made to fill the breach for many years.

THE MAN WHO WENT INTO A CRATER

Professor Arpad Kirner, a Hungarian who has devoted himself to the study of volcanoes, has lately spent three hours in the crater of Stromboli, the one Italian volcano always in eruption.

He wore asbestos clothing, with a helmet and non-inflammable boots. He took oxygen with him to breathe, and the cord which let him down was made of asbestos fibre. He noted a temperature of 100 degrees Centigrade, and found that the walls of the crater were black, red, and yellow, from the sulphurous vapours. Holes up to 12 feet wide contained lava which boiled and exploded without ceasing. When his oxygen was exhausted he was drawn up to the lip of the crater and immediately fainted.

He has taken a series of photographs which will be of absorbing interest.

ONE MORE WRONG PUT RIGHT

There is a big cliff on the eastern side of Falmouth Harbour in Cornwall which the folk living there call Zawn. Ever since the first ordnance survey maps of the district were published, in 1813, it has appeared on them as Zoze Point, the result of an amusing error.

The surveyors thought the Cornishmen said "That is Zone Point," and they wrote it down so. When the next map was printed, about 1838, an engraver turned the *z* somehow on to its side, so that the printer thought it was *z*, and Zoze Point it has been ever since! Even the Admiralty chart of 1863 repeated the error; but now it is to be printed once more as Zone Point.

THREE PIANOS

A Governor Faces the Music

The Governor of Majorca has had to put aside his important administrative duties for a moment to inquire into a dispute about three pianos, all of which, it is claimed, are at least 100 years old.

In 1839 Chopin, the great composer, passed the winter with Georges Sand and her children in one of the cells in the Carthusian monastery on the island of Majorca, and composed there several of his best-known Preludes.

The monastery is now private property and the cells have separate owners, several of whom have decided, for commercial reasons, that their cell, and their cell alone, is the one in which Chopin worked and suffered from the consumption which caused his death.

The Rival Cell-Owners

First of all the proprietor of cell Number 4 fitted it up with Chopin's piano and several water-colours by Maurice Sand, the son of the novelist, and invited tourists to pay their entrance fees.

But the owner of cell Number 2 had already made his plans and a few days later a much larger and more imposing piano arrived to grace the "authentic, identical cell where the master musician worked and suffered."

The proprietor of cell Number 3 took some time to realise what was happening, but a little while later he opened his cell to the public. And sure enough inside was the piano on which Chopin composed his immortal Preludes!

While puzzled tourists stood in bewilderment outside, the cell proprietors came to words and then to blows.

And so the Governor of Majorca has ordered all three cells to be closed to tourists until the Spanish Chopin Committee, to which he has referred the problem, has decided in favour of one of them.

FARMER'S LEGACY

The New Zealand "Swagger"

A story of a good deed which all readers of the C.N. will applaud comes from New Zealand.

A retired farmer left the sum of £4000 in trust with instructions that the interest on this money, amounting to £200 a year, is to be used by the Salvation Army in providing food and shelter for tramps passing through the large town of Masterton.

In New Zealand and Australia these tramps in search of work are called Swaggers, because they carry all their belongings in a bundle, or "swag," on their backs. Sometimes their swag is a sack filled with what little they possess; or it may be a blanket in which they have rolled up their belongings. The swagger usually finds a meal and shelter at any farmer's homestead, but when he reaches a larger town it is mostly the business of some people, such as the Salvation Army officers, to look after him.

This kind man who thought of the swaggers was Mr John Gray of Masterton, and he was the last surviving member of a family of pioneer settlers. His brothers and sisters and himself all died childless. From his home he had observed the tramps at nightfall in all kinds of weather, seeking shelter in a plantation of trees, and this aroused his sympathy so much that he made generous provision in his will for all such who pass through Masterton.

GRASS AND THE AIRMAN

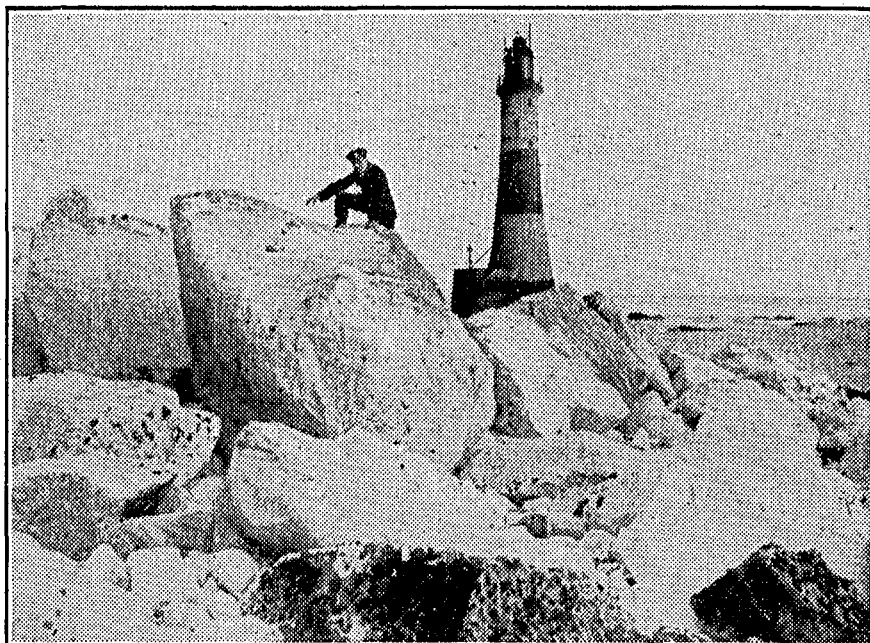
What is the best kind of grass for an airman to alight on?

This interesting question is causing a good deal of experiment just now; 30 different kinds of grasses are being tried out by the United States Department of Agriculture. Grass is wanted on landing-fields to avoid dust, mud, and standing pools of water.

NEW POWER STATION · YOUNG CHAMPIONS · ZOO TUG-OF-WAR



Another Boat Race—These sailing-boats on the lake in Regent's Park were almost becalmed, so the little group of spectators did not see a very thrilling race.



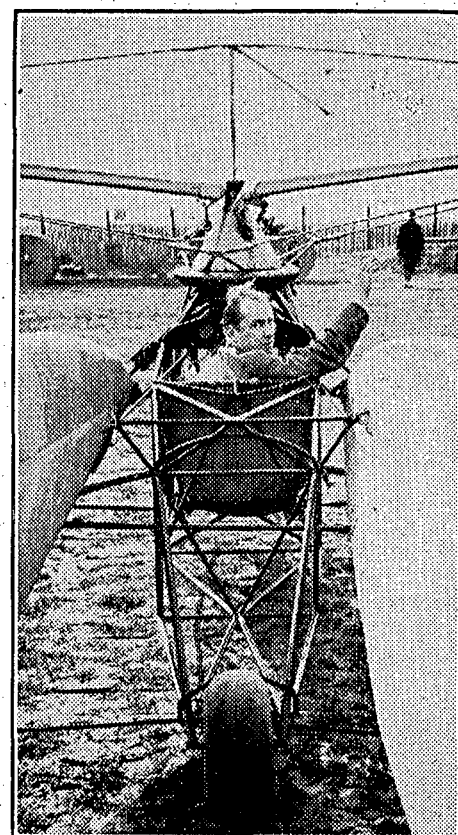
Sussex Cliff Fall—Thousands of tons of chalk fell from the cliff-face at Beachy Head the other day, shaking the lighthouse and causing four great waves to roll far out to sea.



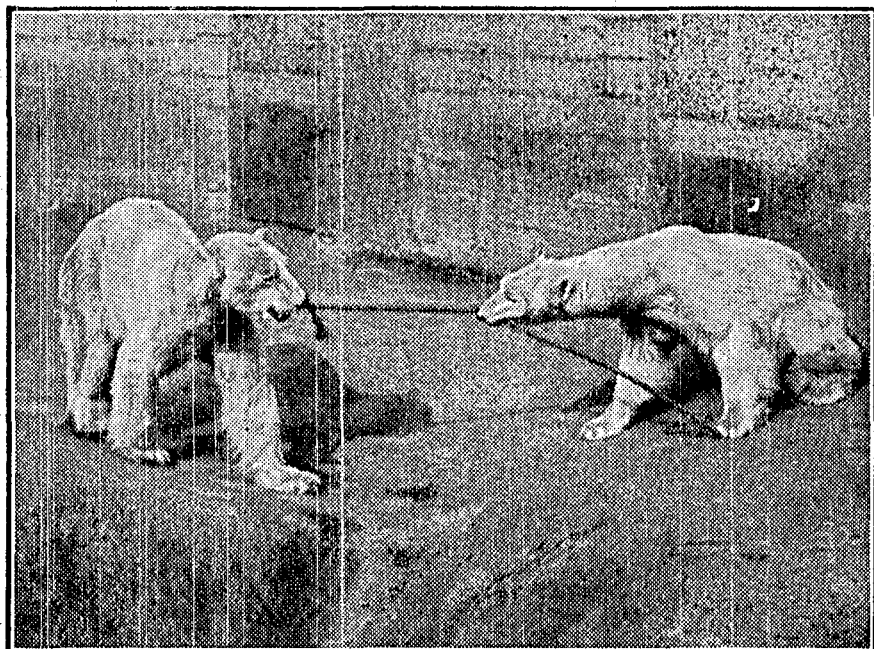
A Symbol of Our Time—Here is one of the controls in the great electric power-station at Battersea, which is now nearly finished.



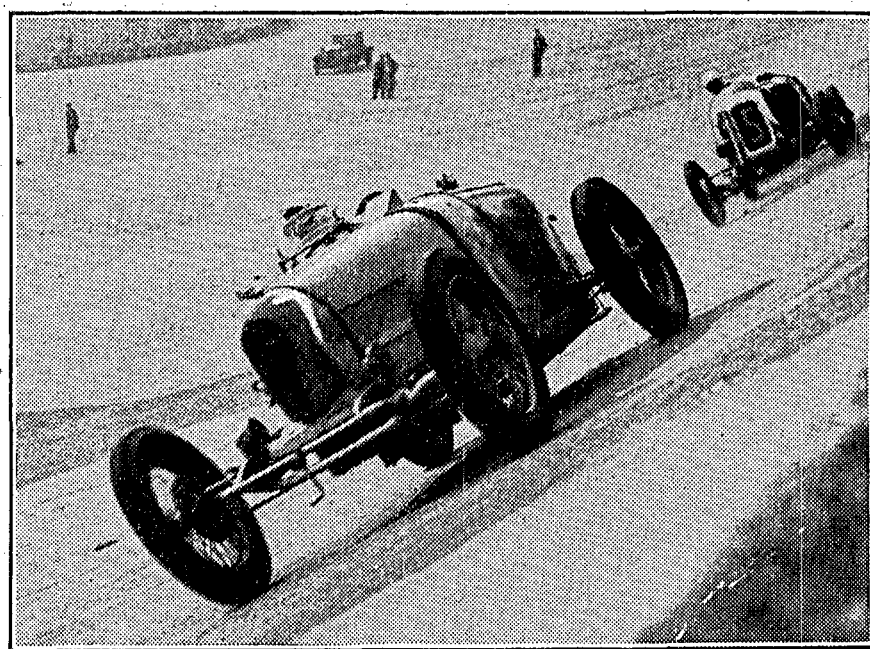
Young Champions—Victoria Park, Hackney, is a very popular training-ground for the young athletes of East London. Here we see in training Doris Payne, Audrey Wade, and Bert Hutchinson, three champions who have won laurels on the running track.



New Helicopter—A new flying-machine on helicopter principles is undergoing tests at Heston. Here is Herr Hafner, one of its inventors.



A Tug-of-War—In this delightful picture we see two Polar bears at the London Zoo enjoying a good-humoured tussle over a piece of rope which they found in their enclosure.



Round the Bend—Two cars on the great motor track at Brooklands are here seen near the top of the banking as they sweep round a curve of the course at high speed.

SURPRISING NEWS FROM THE EAST

JAPANESE COMPETITION

Astonishing Figures of the Artificial Silk Industry

WHAT WILL HAPPEN?

Mr Samuel Courtauld, the chairman of the artificial silk company which has built up such a wonderful and efficient business, has just made an important reference to Japanese competition.

In the short period of six years Japan has increased her production of artificial silk from under six million pounds to 68 millions!

The effect of this startling increase has been gravely to affect the world position. It has thrown on to all markets, particularly those of the East, a vast quantity of very cheap products, and this has had a most depressing effect on one of the newest and most promising of British industries.

The Old Japan and the New

Thus in artificial silk Japan is making even more astonishing progress than in cotton, but in cotton also the competition has become of a new order.

Not many years ago it was true to say that, although Japanese wages were so much lower than those of Europe, the Japanese worker was not nearly so effective because of lack of skill and application. Therefore, it used to be said, the Lancashire operative, though paid so much more than the Japanese worker, could produce more cheaply.

All that is no longer true. The Japanese have shown a capacity for organisation which has enabled them to make very good use of machinery. Their cotton trade is now very much better organised than ours is in Lancashire (it could hardly be worse, perhaps). Also the Japanese operative is found to use machinery exceedingly well. So in cotton and artificial silk Japan is now a very formidable competitor.

Consequently, Japan is not only selling freely in the East but is exporting artificial silk yarn and artificial silk and cotton woven goods to Europe.

The Great Wage Factor

The wages paid in Japan are about an eighth to a tenth of those paid in this country. That is a fact which cannot be compensated for by any degree of efficiency or organisation whatever. No British manufacturer, however clever, whatever his organising skill, could make such economies in production as would enable him to compete with artificial silk or cotton goods made by people paid a tenth of what he has to pay here.

It is therefore worse than useless to scold the British manufacturer for the success of this particular competition, for there is no efficiency of organisation open to us which is not also open to the Japanese captain of industry. It is the wage factor which tells in this particular case, and it avails nothing to ignore it. It remains to be seen whether a rise of wages in Japan will redress the balance; but certainly it cannot do so in the near future.

SAFER FLYING

Many people still regard a journey by air as an adventure involving much risk. Until the other day the rates for passenger insurance tended to foster this belief, but drastic cuts have been made which now suggest that the air is as safe as land and water.

Imperial Airways have arranged with a group of Lloyd's underwriters that passengers in their planes can be insured at the rate of a shilling a day for £1000. Before the new arrangement the charge was 12 shillings for £1000.

For some time insurance rates for air-borne goods have been cheaper than for freight carried by surface transport.

A PLAN TO SAVE THE FARMER

Government To the Rescue

PRICES TO BE KEPT UP FOR WELL-MANAGED FARMS

The Minister of Agriculture has been explaining to Parliament the Marketing Bill by which the Government hopes to prevent the critical position of our largest industry developing into a crash.

So low have prices fallen that there is a fear that bankruptcy will become widespread among farmers.

The majority of countries have erected barriers against agricultural produce, with the result that this country receives such ample and cheap supplies that our own farmers cannot sell at a profit. In the past four years the prices of imported supplies have declined by half, whereas the cost of production here has only declined by a hundredth. The wages of our farm labourers are guaranteed by law, and have only fallen two per cent in the last year, while in America they have fallen 48 per cent.

Controlling Competition

The new Bill is to give power to farmers to organise themselves, the Government coming in to help with its power of reducing imports of competing supplies. This will safeguard farmers in the price they will receive, for by imposing what we call quotas instead of tariffs the Government will be able to control competition, allowing certain countries to send in only as much as we desire.

Organisation by the farmers themselves must be undertaken if they are to reap benefit under the Bill. Officials are not to be set up, and only when farmers give proof that they have organised on a workable basis will the Government act. The quota is to be the Government method, because it is held that the control of competing imports can be more elastic than tariffs.

The proposals have been described as revolutionary, and in many ways they are, because hitherto the State has not applied any sort of spur to our farmers to adopt modern methods of organisation to their great industry.

A NINE-DAYS WONDER

Controlling the Thames Floods

832 MILLION TONS OF WATER

The work of the Thames Conservancy Board was put to a severe test when the heavy rains coincided with the melting of the snow on the hills in the neighbourhood of the river.

When the thaw set in the daily flow of the Thames jumped from 1300 to 9000 million gallons and the level rose 42 inches at Maidenhead. Lord Desborough has calculated that the water which fell in the Thames Valley during nine days in February would fill a trench 2260 miles long, 250 feet wide, and 10 feet deep; the weight of it being 832 million tons.

We are astounded when Lord Desborough tells us that the Post Office decline to help the Board with a reduced rate for linking up the locks by telephone in order that remedial measures can be undertaken in time. The result of this red tape is that only six more locks can be connected by telephone. One would think the floods did no harm to the telephone lines (though we ourselves were picking wires up on the road in the storm the other day), but perhaps that point did not pierce the Post Office brain?

Pronunciations in This Paper

Gergovia Jer-go-ve-ah
Hymettus Hy-met-us
Schaffhausen Shaff-how-zen
Vercingetorix Ver-sin-Jet-o-riks

FLY-LEAVES OF THE OLD MONKS

An Extraordinary Prayer Book

NEW TREASURE FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM

The British Museum has gained a precious thing. It is given in memory of Mr John Meade Falkner, and the giver is nameless; but as the book came from Mr Falkner's library we may guess the identity of the generous donor.

The gift is known as the Muchelney Breviary. It was written in two volumes on vellum, with illuminations, some 600 years ago. This 14th-century manuscript is said to be the most complete English monastic breviary known; but its great charm lies in its fly-leaves.

This extraordinary prayer-book has 56 fly-leaves, and notes were made in them from the 14th to the 16th century.

The book belonged to a small monastery in Somerset. When the monks wished to make a record of something they wrote it down in their precious breviary. Here are extracts from letters giving news of the Battle of Halidon Hill; here are moral verses and witty rhymes; here is John of Bordeaux's tract on the plague; here are rules for health, and recipes, and many other things which make us feel that the monks were flesh and blood creatures very like ourselves.

The book has long outlasted the brotherhood, but in the fly-leaves of the old manuscript the little community seems to live like a bee in amber.

Dreamers and historians alike will be very glad to know that the Muchelney Breviary will never go away from the land beloved by the men who wrote in the fly-leaves.

ESCAPE FROM A REAL NOAH'S ARK

When the P. and O. steamer Behar, bringing from Calcutta a number of animals for the Liverpool Zoo, was passing through the Mediterranean the other week heavy seas caused the cages to shift so that many were broken.

Then the game began. Two out of six cranes escaped and flew into Egypt; the others were recaptured. The antelope preferred to remain, in spite of the only remaining portion of its cage being the bottom, on which it calmly sat.

Not so the monkeys, 25 of which took to the masts and rigging. They went down ventilators and entered cabins. For four days this glorious game went on; all hands spent their spare time monkey-hunting; after which all were recaptured, having had a splendid run.

Had the pythons, the cobras, and the vampire bats escaped it would have been another story.

RIVER THAT DISAPPEARED IN A NIGHT

The C.N. has always been ready to advocate the cause of the millions of unemployed in this country, but could any plan of help have been devised such as came strangely to out-of-work labourers in the Wymondham district of Norfolk?

Free food was supplied to them in a most unexpected manner. A river left its bed during the night and entirely disappeared from view, leaving hundreds of fish floundering on dry land. The unemployed were not slow to seize their opportunity and gather up the fish.

The phenomenon occurred at Wrampingham Mill, where the river formed a tributary of the Yare. Part of the bed of the river had given way and the water was flowing about eight feet below its normal level.

The cause of the collapse is a mystery, one of the many tricks of Nature beyond human explanation.

BEFORE THE DYNAMITE EXPLODED

A RACE WITH A BURNING FUSE

The South African Miner Who Waited To Dig Out a Comrade

DEEDS THAT SHINE LIKE GOLD

There are some people who maintain that most heroism is instinctive.

The C.N. believes we must be accustomed to thinking bravely before we can do the brave thing instinctively. In any case the heroism of Mr Charles Lewarne has nothing of impulse about it.

He was at work in the Largo coal-mine at Springs in South Africa, one of the long chain of mines along the Witwatersrand Reef, where neither the coal nor the gold yielded can ever outshine the deeds that take place there almost every day.

A quantity of coal had been mined out of the lower face at the end of a tunnel, and five charges of dynamite were loaded into holes in the upper face so that the overhang could be blasted.

Two Frantic Minutes

Charles Lewarne, who is rather short, lighted four fuses, but was unable to reach the fifth, ten feet high, and asked his boss boy Piet to do it. The lighting stick was attached to a wooden rod, but even Piet was unable to reach high enough. He tried a second time, but fell to the ground, when a mass of coal from the overhang split away and fell, pinning him down by the legs.

Instead of running away and leaving the boy till the charges exploded, instead even of wasting time calling for help, Charles Lewarne started to dig the boy out. Furiously he worked, while just above his head the fuse was burning toward the dynamite charges.

After two minutes of frantic digging the first charge exploded, filling the air with flying masses of coal. Almost immediately the other three exploded, burning and cutting Mr Lewarne and crippling his foot. He could not stand, but he forced himself to crawl to an electric bell and so summon help.

Piet was quickly dug out and miraculously found to be without injury. He said very little, except: "If not for him I would have died."

Mr Lewarne said still less when reporters came to ask him for an interview; all he seemed to want to discuss was the weather.

CLOTHES FOR WORK

Southampton's Fine Scheme

Singing for supper is a proverbial way of obtaining the necessities of life.

Doing two days work for clothes is a way now being tried at Southampton.

So successful is this experiment in helping the unemployed, which has been working for two months, that already 2400 men have done their two days with pick and shovel. They have been helping to improve five recreation grounds, work which had been postponed for years because of the industrial depression. In exchange they have received warm and well-made clothing of good materials for themselves and their families.

Once more some plain people are showing the Government how to do it. So much did the Mayor of Southampton approve of this scheme, which was suggested by a social service committee, that he took it over and hopes that every one of Southampton's 6000 unemployed men will be given two days work.

Great generosity is being shown by the townspeople, who subscribe to a fund from which the garments are bought. The working-men of the town are giving no less than £300 a week toward it to help the distress of their less fortunate neighbours.

REGULUS HIDDEN BY THE MOON

SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE

How We Know That the Moon Has No Atmosphere

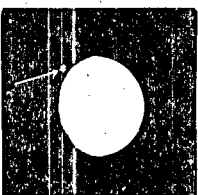
A BEAUTIFUL SPECTACLE

By the O.N. Astronomer

On April 6 the Moon will pass in front of the first-magnitude star Regulus.

This occultation will be of considerable interest because the star as seen from London and South-Eastern England will appear barely to touch the top of the Moon. The same will apply to the Midlands and the North of Ireland. To the South-West of these areas and in Wales, Devon, and Cornwall the star will appear to pass behind a larger portion of the Moon's disc, while in Northern England and Scotland it will appear to pass above the Moon, clearing it by only a very small space.

As soon as it is dark enough Regulus may be seen a little way to the left of the Moon. At eight o'clock it will be distant to the extent of about her diameter; but, owing to her radiance and the absence of a dark sky, it will be scarcely perceptible. Through field-glasses, or even opera-glasses, however, the course of events will be clearly seen, provided the sky is quite clear.



Where Regulus will disappear behind the Moon. The arrow shows the direction.

As seen from South-East England it will be about three minutes to nine o'clock when Regulus will pass behind a very small portion of the north-east side of the Moon's disc. The star will reappear 10 or 14 minutes later, according to the position of the observer. The farther we go to the south-west the longer will the star be obscured.

Most interesting should be the phenomenon as seen from a line extending approximately from near Dover to Sheerness, and across England to Bedford, Crewe, and Liverpool; thence to the Isle of Man and north of Belfast to Londonderry.

This line will not be entirely illuminated because the Moon will be two days from the full.

Disappearing suddenly behind the dark, unlit portion of the Moon is, telescopically, the most interesting and important part of an occultation. By this means the Moon's place in the heavens may be timed with great precision, while the suddenness of the star's disappearance is usually taken as conclusive evidence that the Moon has no appreciable atmosphere, or the star would disappear gradually; its time, also, might be altered.

The Effect of Perspective

Next Thursday's event will have an added interest, for observers who are near to the line we have indicated may see the star disappear and reappear a second time as it passes behind the Lunar mountains; but an astronomical telescope is needed to show this phenomenon.

Such is the effect of perspective, even upon bodies so far away, the Moon being about 238,000 miles, while Regulus is at the terrific distance of 344 million million miles from us. This will be better grasped by noting that, whereas the light from the Moon takes a little over one and a quarter seconds to reach us, it takes 56 years to come from Regulus, travelling at the same rate.

With Mars and Jupiter a little way to the left, and shining much brighter than Regulus, a beautiful spectacle will be presented.

Both these worlds are receding from us, Mars being now 73,000,000 miles away and Jupiter 425,000,000 miles. In the C.N. of March 11, Jupiter's distance should have been given as 410,900,000 miles instead of 41,900,000. G. F. M.

GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY

In this story, lately told by the Archbishop of York to an assembly of Edinburgh students, lies the answer to many of our puzzles.

The story begins with Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, who worked among the Red Indians till he was an old man, rich in the honour of his Church.

After a visit to England he was returning to Minnesota when someone begged him to call on an old parson who had been working over forty years in a New York slum and had grown down-hearted, fearing there was nothing to show for all his years of work.

The old bishop gladly paid the suggested call, and for a time they talked of mutual friends, of this and that, till finally the parson began to tell his visitor all about his troubles. Forty years, and no one seemed any better for them! Then the bishop asked if the parson remembered a certain girl.

The Servant Girl's Story

"Oh, yes," was the answer. "She was a member of my confirmation class. I do not know what became of her. She went out West. I suppose she went wrong."

"No," said the bishop, who proceeded to tell the story of the girl's life after she had left for the West. She became a servant on a farm where lived a man and his three sons. The wife had died; the man and the sons had become brutalised and coarse; night after night one or the other was drunk.

"We have never seen anyone before quite like you," said the eldest son to the servant girl one day. "What is it makes the difference?"

She answered: "It is my religion. I could not stay here except for that."

"Then tell me about it," he asked.

The servant girl replied that she was too ignorant to understand all that her religion meant, but she showed him some notes a clergyman in New York had given her when she was in his class.

The eldest son took these notes and read them, and so deeply did they touch his heart that he rode a long day's journey to find a clergyman who could further instruct him. Then he took his share of the family money, went to college, and later entered the ministry.

Among the Red Indians

"For many years," continued the bishop, "that man has been serving his Master among the Red Indians." Then he added: "I am that eldest son, and you are the New York clergyman whose notes were lent to me."

No longer did the New York parson's heart fail within him. The old man was radiant. After all, if there was not much in the slums to show for all his forty years of work, there was much to show among the Red Indians in the West. And if his influence had spread to them, why not elsewhere?

We are reminded of those lines by William Cowper, another poor fellow who had to struggle against moods of bitter melancholy, yet deep within him knew the truth when he wrote at the beginning of a hymn:

God moves in a mysterious way

His wonders to perform;

and ended with the lines:

God is His own interpreter,

And He will make it plain.

WHY DOES THE KETTLE NOT GET RED-HOT?

From The Children's Encyclopedia

Water will hold more heat than any other thing we know. The water takes the heat from the kettle, and does not allow the bottom of the kettle to get hotter than the temperature of boiling water. That is hotter than our fingers can endure without being scalded, but it is much below the temperature at which iron becomes red-hot.

HUNDREDS OF GROUPS OF HAPPINESS

VILLAGE WOMEN COMING TOGETHER

The Delightful Movement
Going On in the Countryside

MARKET BOSWORTH 5000

Market Bosworth in Leicestershire has had a grand moment. The five-thousandth Women's Institute has been formed there, bringing the membership in England and Wales to nearly 300,000.

Market Bosworth will shortly be left behind, for almost every month brings news of the formation of a new institute; and the Federation of Women's Institutes will not be content while there is a single village left outside the fold.

The only undelightful thing about the Women's Institutes is their name: rather stiff and dull, and not in the least conveying the warm life within. They are bodies of village women who meet once a month for amusement and enlightenment, and cooperation in various activities which lead to many other meetings and sub-groups of each institute. Once an institute is formed there is always something going on.

Old Home Industries

These activities cover a delightful range and often hark back to the individual traditions and crafts of the villages concerned—villages which centuries ago were famous for their lace-making, quilt-making, basketry, rush chair seating, glove-making, scent and still-water making, special kinds of cookery. The women in the woollen districts inherit gifts and crafts unknown to villages in the southern counties.

All these old home industries, nearly killed in an age of machine production, the Women's Institutes are reviving. Also they provide little courses of from two to eight lessons in economical dress-making, millinery, woollen rug making, and similar subjects. The members are geniuses at fashioning new things out of old—charming rugs out of old silk stockings, for instance.

Delightful Spirit of Rivalry

There is generally a stall at the monthly meeting where things made by the members can be displayed and sold. It is always a pleasant thing to make a little money out of one's spare minutes, and many a sixpence earned at a W.I. stall has found its way somewhere to make a sad face smile.

In connection with the handicrafts there is a most delightful spirit of rivalry, not so much among members as among villages, as to which in all England may hold and keep the gold star for embroidery, plain needlework, rush seating, for the best village history; which will send up the best dancing and acting team to be judged at a festival.

Great Educational Force

The happy thing about the institutes is the sanity of their foundation rules. No denominational subject, no party politics may be touched. The subjects that may be touched are legion: anything that affects the life, health, homes of rural England and its children is the warm concern of the institutes. And there is a great educational force in them. About six times a year lectures are given on informative subjects, in history, science, travel.

The first W.I. was opened at Llanfair in North Wales in September 1915. The consequent developments, the recognition by the Government, help from the Board of Agriculture, and the slow building-up of a powerful society make a fine story.

One thousand two hundred acres have been added to the playing-fields of Kent since 1926.



Watch their health now

APRIL may be called a transition month, for it belongs neither to winter nor summer. Usually the weather is a mixture of both, often quickly changing from warm sunshine to heavy rain or sleet.

In April our bodies go through a transition stage, too. Children especially are affected by the change of the seasons. There is usually a considerable amount of illness in April, and digestive disorders are common. Evidence of these troubles is shown in loss of appetite, nervousness and inability to give close attention to school lessons and home study.

At this period of the year the addition of "Ovaltine" to the diet is especially valuable. This complete and perfect food beverage is prepared from the highest qualities of malt, milk and eggs. The scientific and exclusive method of manufacture ensures that these ingredients, in combination, provide every nutritive element essential for building up body, brain and nerves to their highest efficiency.

Unlike imitations, "Ovaltine" does not contain household sugar to reduce the cost, nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa. Reject substitutes.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Great Britain and Northern Ireland
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"FORCE"
and Milk
for
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Tasty, Crisp Flakes
Malted
Whole Wheat

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PKT.
(not I.F.S.)

"Force" is ready cooked. Serve straight from the packet with milk or fruit.

The April
Number of
the C.N.'s
Monthly
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Do We Imagine the World?

Let Us Work For Peace

London Prepares For Another
1000 Years

The Matchless Glory of the
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A Look at Our Country's Land Birds

Nonsense That the World is
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There are many other articles besides
poems, stories, puzzles, and numerous
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**MY
MAGAZINE**

Edited by Arthur Mee

The Paper for the Boy of To-day!

Such is MODERN BOY. Its every issue is brimful of thrilling stories and articles on the very latest invention, Adventure, Hobbies, etc. It is the paper for the youth of to-day. Buy it regularly.

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Every Saturday - - - 2d

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By giving them Simpkin's Barley Sugar, you replenish this shortage.

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Keep up their energy—keep them healthy.

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TOM, DICK, AND HARRY

GIANTS 250 FEET HIGH

The Grid Spreads Over the
North of England

OUR BIGGEST POWER HOUSE

Tom, Dick, and Harry have lately started work at Dunston-on-Tyne, where the biggest British power station is now providing electricity for the North, from the Tees to the Border, from Newcastle to Carlisle, 5600 square miles in all.

The three great chimneys thus locally nicknamed are of reinforced concrete, rise 250 feet high, measure 15 feet in diameter at the base and 15 at the top, and are lined with brick to prevent the acid in the smoke attacking the concrete.

Other Frankenstein monsters rear their heads in the 75-acre building of steel and glass. What work for a window cleaner is here! There are over three acres of glass, with 6000 tons of steel in the framework.

Everything on a Giant Scale

The whole was built to accommodate four 50,000 kilowatt turbo-alternators; but even they will probably not be able to cope with all the work in the future, and the building can be extended to hold two more sets.

Everything is on a giant scale at Dunston, where a vast amount of coal will be consumed daily, all of it pulverised and of such a fine grain as to be practically waste material. A machine allows one man to tip a loaded 20-ton coal truck by the pressure of his hand.

The water needed is another amazement. When the station is in full blast more than 270 million gallons will be used each day. Most of it is needed for the condensers for the turbo-alternators, each condenser calling for 26,500 gallons of water a minute, for each has a cooling surface of 40,000 square feet, an area equal to all the tennis courts at Wimbledon put together. The three monster pumps are each capable of delivering 1,860,000 gallons of water every hour to a height of nearly 50 feet.

Colossal Voltage

High up in the building is the Turbine House, with three two-cylinder turbo-alternators designed for a normal speed of 1500 revolutions a minute, and generating electricity at a voltage of 13,500 and a frequency of 50 cycles a second.

Thirteen thousand volts would not be much for transmission purposes, and so transformers bring up the voltage to 66,000. But even this is not enough for the Central Electricity Board, who have six cables among the many radiating from Dunston, and own an adjacent step-up transformer station, where the current is brought to 132,000 volts before it is sent along the main grid lines.

A Palace of Power

From this city of electricity on the south banks of the Tyne the main lines of the National Grid scheme stretch out like the tentacles of a giant octopus, North, South, East, and West, carrying their load of power, heat, and light to the homes and industries of the North. Yet inside this palace of electrical power everything can be operated from one switchboard by one man.

In the Newcastle home of the North-Eastern Electric Supply Company, a few miles from Dunston, is yet another marvel, a central control room where a diagram on the wall shows in coloured discs everything that is happening from minute to minute in the power house at Dunston and at every point or sub-station in the 5600 square miles.

Should a breakdown occur or men be working on a particular section it is known immediately in the control room and marked accordingly.

INTERNATIONAL CITY

A DREAM COMES TRUE
IN PARIS

Nations Building Their Own
Quarters at a University

BEGINNING OF A GREAT
FUTURE

There is good news for British students in Paris.

Thanks to the generous gift of Mrs Helen Nathan work has now been started at the University City of Paris on the much-needed British Foundation. By next year a hostel of 150 rooms will be ready for British students wishing to attend classes there.

The famous Latin Quarter of Paris is becoming a memory of the past, for university students no longer have their quarter but their city, and the city is no longer "a Latin Quarter," but an international one.

There was a reason for this change. A few years ago a Cabinet Minister, M. Honnorat, came upon a list of students in Paris, and found that there were nearly 27,000 at the University alone. No fewer than 7200 of these were foreigners. M. Honnorat was struck by the enormous increase of foreign students since the war. These unusual conditions, he considered, made a fine opportunity for developing international friendship, and he suggested that a home for international students should be built.

An Appeal to the Nations.

Something happened almost immediately to make the fulfilment of his wish possible, for the people of Paris suddenly voted that their fortifications should be pulled down. The Government was so much interested in M. Honnorat's idea that it offered part of the newly-freed ground as a building site. This led M. Honnorat to appeal to the nations of the world. "Is diplomacy enough to solve the problem that the war has brought before humanity?" he asked. "Would it not be one of the best solutions if the young generation of each nationality were brought into closer contact by starting an international centre where students from all countries could live together while working in Paris?"

This was in 1925, and soon afterwards 24 nations had responded to the appeal and began to collect funds. Meanwhile France set to work on her own Foundation, and the University City was born.

In the Heart of the City

Now the Parisian who has not walked through the Montsouris Park for some time is amazed to find that quite a little town has grown up on its border. There are 14 new buildings, each standing for its own Motherland, the Japanese house with its fantastic garden contrasting with the sober Canadian building, with its straight roof and terraces.

The restaurant represents the very heart of the University City. There is perhaps no other place where one has a more striking impression of harmony of thought than in that happy atmosphere. One feels no distinction of races here, of nations, languages, classes, or religions.

Everybody is confident that the University is only at the beginning of a great future. A huge library, a post office, a bank, and a swimming-pool are being planned, and there will be ample grounds for all kinds of games.

There are now 35,000 Salvation Army bands.

About 70,000 tons of British steel rails will be used in relaying 596 miles of L.M.S. track this year.

C.N. VISITS

To the Oldest House
in England?

What has often been called the oldest house in England, Minster Abbey, is to be sold. It is in the heart of Thanet, at Minster, which one of our travelling correspondents has been visiting, and of which we give these notes.

It is the heart of Thanet; the cradle of our English history. It has a beautiful and historic old church, a beautiful old abbey, one of the oldest houses in our Motherland, and one of the most cherished memories of our race.

By the great tower, built by the Normans, is the small tower the Saxons left behind, charming with its cap pyramid. Men must have run up the steps inside this tower to signal that the Danes were coming, the cruel Danes who showed no mercy.

Walls Set Up in Saxon Times

The Saxon walls of the tower arch are still in their place; they were set up a few lifetimes after the first English came this way. The men whose fathers saw Augustine may have seen these walls. The Saxons passed and the Normans came, and they built these ten magnificent arches, and the great arch of the tower with the Saxon walls built into it. Soon the English built in their own style, 700 years ago, the chancel and the transepts.

It is this chancel which holds us entranced, for it is a veritable work of art, with a rich gallery of carving in English oak. It is well lighted through 11 lancet windows which reveal the beauty of its vaulted roof and the fine carving on what the builders call the string-course, where the roof begins; and we are thankful for the light because it shows us also the exquisite work of about a hundred little pieces of wood-carving in this place.

A Quaint Inscription

The 18 stalls with carved seats are among the finest work of the craftsmen of the 14th and 15th centuries. There are 60 bays in front of the stalls and the bench-ends and the arm-rests are most beautiful. There are swans on the water, fishes with their tails in their mouths, a man with a dog and a monkey, grotesque animals with wings, and many excellent and expressive faces. One of the stalls bears the name of John Curtis, the vicar for whom this wonderful work was done; he was here till 1419.

Over a beautiful door in the sanctuary wall is a quaint inscription:

*Let him learn who does not know
That Mister Trotman rests below.*

The impressive nave and aisle are full of interest. There are two kneeling figures of Thomas Paramore and his wife who died a few years after Shakespeare. There is a small red-and-blue window in the tower with glass 700 years old. There is an old chest which is said to have been brought here full of food for Cromwell's troops. There is an oak lectern which must have been admired by every artist who has seen it for 300 years. It has an eagle resting on a globe, with evangelists trumpeting, preaching, and playing the harp, and figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Carving of Augustine

There are glass cases with treasures from the historic and prehistoric past, relics of life before either Norman or Saxon or Roman came, ancient books, and the cover of the old chained Bible.

It is said that the Abbey of Minster was built by a Saxon king in remorse for one of his crimes, and that his sister became Abbess and was succeeded by her daughter Mildred. It was all about 1200 years ago, but still the walls are standing, and still we see the place where they laid Saint Mildred before Canute moved her remains to Canterbury. Here are the walls of the old Saxon church. Here is the Abbey House with a wing set up before the Conqueror came, said to be the oldest house in England. The rain falls on a stone

HOSPITAL FOR BIRDS

The Patient Who Stole
the Money-Box

BEN'S ADVENTURE

Perched on the edge of the steep hill above the charming little fishing village of Mouschole, near Penzance, is what is probably the only hospital of its kind in the world—for jackdaws.

It was founded three years ago by Miss D. Yglesias, an artist whose studio is near by, and during that time a hundred patients have been admitted and given treatment. Eighty per cent have been discharged cured; ten per cent were found to be beyond human aid and painlessly destroyed, while the remaining ten per cent were in hospital when the C.N. correspondent called.

The case-sheets of some of the patients make interesting reading. For instance, there was Midget, who fell off the roof of the Wesleyan Chapel early in life and was brought in exhausted. He responded to treatment for a fortnight and then flew happily away.

The Colonel was found in the harbour unable to fly, having damaged one wing against the telegraph wires. He stayed in hospital six weeks and then took his own discharge, and also the hospital money-box!

Posed For His Photograph

The star patient, however, is Ben, who was present when our correspondent called. He readily posed for his photograph and afterwards took a keen interest in the camera. Ben, who is two-and-a-half, fell down a cottage chimney into a bucket of soot, and being too young to fly, was rescued and brought along to hospital. The treatment apparently pleased him so much that he refused to be discharged and appears to regard the place as a sort of social club.

Each inmate of the hospital has separate quarters, and those convalescing have large open-air runs well protected from prowling cats. Cleanliness being considered as essential to good health in birds as in human beings, the daily bath is an important item in the hospital's routine.

The whole of the work is done by Miss Yglesias and her sister, who are to be congratulated on the hospital's splendid record. Who could want a finer place to recover in than Mouschole on the English Riviera?

A DAILY PAPER FOR
THE BLIND

Blind friends everywhere will welcome the news from France that a daily newspaper will shortly be published for their benefit.

The paper, the first of its kind in the world, will be printed in Braille, and the title chosen for it is Read, strangely appropriate, as to read is always the wish of those deprived of sight. With the advent of this novel newspaper 30,000 blind readers in France will have the day's news to hand, and will be on a conversational level with their more fortunate countrymen.

Continued from the previous column

carving of Augustine in the act of benediction, which is probably as old as the Abbey itself. It falls on the ruins of the old tower steps where the people of Minster, the clergy, and the nuns must have sought refuge at the coming of the Danes, who found this place filled with frightened people and locked the door on them and burned them to death. Still they dig up fragments which may be part of the bitter tragedy of that day.

In those old days the sea came here, and ships brought the food of the nuns almost to the door. Now where rolled the sea are meadow and gardens. A charming place it is, with life still creeping up the ancient walls, roses blooming on Saint Mildred's grave, and walnut trees that have flourished for centuries.

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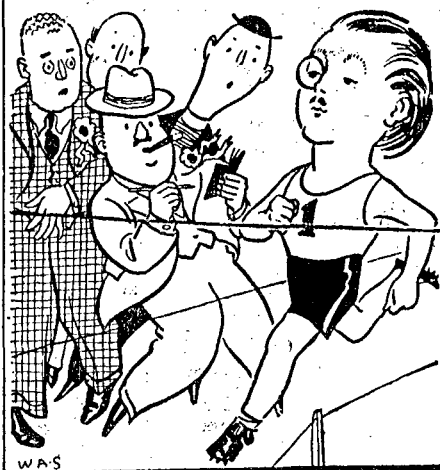
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THE FLYING BANDIT

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

What Has Happened Before

Jock Freeland goes to the rescue of a flying-man, Finch Hanley, who has been robbed of his precious cargo, the famous Meripit Emeralds. With Jock's help the plane gives chase. The thieves' car is overturned, and Hanley makes a hurried landing.

He goes off to see what has happened, leaving Jock in charge of the plane. Presently Jock sees a man coming toward him, carrying a box. But it isn't Hanley!

CHAPTER 3

Jock Takes Charge

Jock realised that Finch Hanley's plans had gone wrong, and that the big red-headed thief had in some way got the better of him. The question was what to do.

"Stay by her."

Suddenly he remembered Hanley's order as he had left, and instantly made up his mind to stay. But not where Red could see him. In a flash he flung himself down and crept aft. This was a mail plane, and there was a covered compartment in the rear where the bags could be stored. Jock slipped into this and pulled a tarpaulin over himself.

He was barely hidden before Red reached the machine. Red was breathing heavily and moved with a slowness which was in strong contrast to his energy when Jock had first seen him, a few hours earlier.

"Must have got a bad bump when the car upset," thought Jock. "I wonder what he's going to do now."

What Red did was to switch on, then go round in front and pull over the prop. The engine, still hot, burst into life, and next moment Red was scrambling into the pilot's seat.

Jock was horrified. It had never occurred to him that this big fellow was himself a pilot. Now he would have got out if he could, but it was too late. Already the big plane was on the move.

Jock lay very still. Things had happened so quickly that he was half stunned. Here he was, in a stolen plane with a thief as pilot, driving away through the night toward some unknown destination.

It was not his aunt Jock was worried about. All his anxiety was for Finch Hanley, whom he thought of as lying stunned, perhaps badly hurt, by the upset car. Though he had known Hanley for less than half an hour, he had already come to like him, and the fact that it was Jock's father who had taught Hanley to fly made a sort of bond between them.

After a while he crept a little way out from his hiding-place. He was desperately anxious to know which way they were going, but did not dare to raise himself high enough to look over the edge of the cockpit.

Not being able to see where they were going, Jock turned his attention to the pilot. He noticed that the man sat crouched down in his seat, and that now and then he swayed forward. He was evidently in pain. Presently Jock spotted something else. By the dashboard light he could see that the left leg of Red's trousers was darkly stained. The man was wounded, and blood was still running from the wound. It must be a bad wound, Jock thought, and in spite of everything he could not help admiring the man's pluck. Quite clearly he was suffering badly, yet he handled the big machine like a master.

Jock lay still. There did not seem to be anything else to do.

The minutes dragged by, and Jock, glancing at his wrist-watch, saw that they had been flying for nearly an hour. They must be far up over Somerset by this time. Then suddenly the plane lurched. Red had fallen back in his seat, and in doing so had dragged the stick back. The plane was rocketing upward.

Jock knew exactly what would happen. She would lose flying speed and drop into a spin. In a flash he was on his feet and had leaped forward. All these big planes have dual control, so all Jock had to do was slip into the seat alongside Red. He grasped the stick, pushed it slowly forward, and at once the plane came back to a level keel and drove steadily on.

Jock turned to Red and saw that his big face was horribly white. The man was still conscious, but only just. His blue eyes were full of amazement. Jock leaned across and spoke into the man's ear. "Stay where you are. I can keep her going."

Red tried to speak, but though his lips moved Jock could not hear what he said. Then he collapsed altogether.

Jock had at least as much pluck as the average boy; perhaps more than most.

And he had the great advantage that he was familiar with the controls of an aeroplane. Yet to say that he was scared is putting it mildly. Here he was, in sole charge of a big machine thundering through the night. He did not know where he was or where Red was meaning to take the plane, and when he glanced at the petrol gauge he saw that there was not more than enough for a couple of hours' flying.

Cold perspiration broke out on his forehead; he felt a hideous sinking at the pit of his stomach, and for the moment bitterly regretted the impulse that had sent him in search of the strange light.

This did not last long. Jock's natural pluck came to his aid. He was in a tight place, yet there must be some way out.

Jock looked over and saw that they were flying over flat country at a height of about 3000 feet. Here and there he caught the lights of villages, but there was no sign of any large town. Away off to the left was the sea. The Moon had risen, and its pale light silvered the vast plain of water.

"Must be the mouth of the Bristol Channel," Jock said to himself. "Let me see, there's one good-sized town, Burnham. I ought to sight that pretty soon."

But he was not so far north as he had thought, and twenty minutes passed before he saw the glow of a lighthouse and knew he was reaching Burnham. The petrol was sinking fast, and suddenly it occurred to Jock that perhaps Burnham had an aerodrome, and that he might land there instead of risking the flight to Bristol.

He headed straight for the town, but to his dismay could see no sign of any aerodrome, or indeed of any place where it seemed safe to bring the plane down.

CHAPTER 4

Green Fire

For a moment Jock felt again that nasty sinking, but he fought it successfully and, as if by way of reward, suddenly saw beneath him a great stretch of smooth yellow sand. The tide was out and the sands stretched for miles.

In a flash Jock took his decision. He would never find a better place to land, so, throttling down the engine, he pulled the

plane round and began to descend. At first he pushed the stick too far over; the plane's nose dipped and the whistle of the air in her wires warned him he was going far too fast.

"It's steady does it," said Jock aloud, as he racked his brain to remember everything he had been told.

The wind. He had to head into it. That was the chief thing to remember, and luckily for him the ripple on the sea told him that the light breeze was coming from north of west. He looked at the beach which was now no more than 500 feet below him, and tried to make certain there was nothing in the way.

The landing speed of a plane such as Jock was flying is about 45 miles an hour. It is easy to imagine the crash if any mistake is made. Jock's heart almost ceased beating as he neared the ground. When it seemed that the plane's wheels were almost touching he eased the stick very gently and went skimming just above the beach. Next moment he felt the wheels touch.

It was far from a perfect landing. The big plane ballooned; that is, jumped several feet into the air, then settled again with a bump that made Jock's teeth rattle. But no damage was done, and she had come safely to rest midway between the sea and the cliff.

For a full minute Jock did not move. He simply couldn't. The strain had been heavier than he knew; he felt giddy and a little sick. That soon passed, and the first thing he did when he could scramble out of his seat was to turn his attention to Red.

The big man's eyes were closed and for a horrid moment Jock thought he was dead. But presently Jock saw he was breathing.

Jock took out his knife and slit open Red's left trouser-leg. Just above the knee was a great jagged gash. It was a horrid wound which looked as if it had been made by a splinter of broken glass. Jock's eyes widened as he saw the extent of the injury.

"My word, this chap's got pluck!" he muttered, as he began hunting round for some sort of bandage.

He found a first-aid kit, and it did not take long to douse the cut with iodine and strap a bandage tightly over it. Red did not move. He was still insensible, and Jock wondered what he should do. He did not like to leave the man yet knew, of course that he ought to get help.

JACKO PLANTS SOME BULBS

"THIS mild weather is bringing out the bulbs," observed Father Jacko one fine morning.

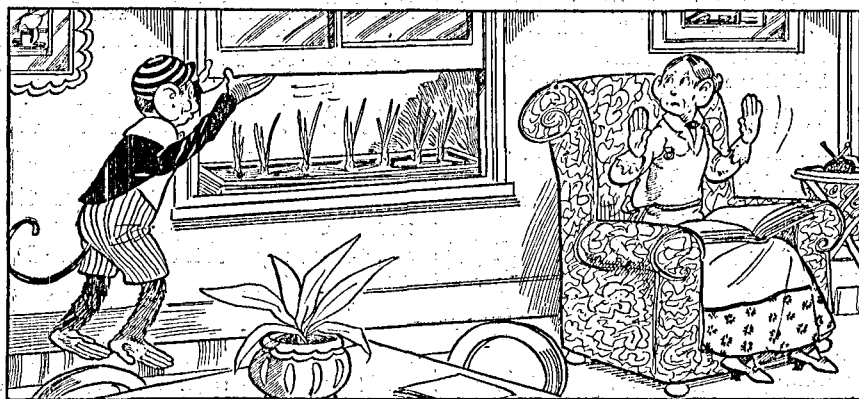
"Yes," said Mother Jacko, "the garden is beginning to look quite gay."

And so it was. The crocuses had been making bright patches of colour for some time, and now the warm sun was opening the golden heads of the daffodils.

Mother Jacko shook her head.

"Why don't you grow something in the parlour window-box!" she said, kindly. "Here's sixpence to buy some little plants with."

Jacko pocketed the money and flew off. But as he passed the potting-shed he noticed a row of bulbs on a shelf. He picked out a handful and darted



Mother Jacko was just as surprised

"Aren't they lovely!" cried Mother Jacko. "I'd rather see the daffies than any flower in the garden."

Jacko agreed with her.

"I wish you'd let me plant some of my own, Dad," he said. "I'd have a fine show in no time."

"Yes, I daresay," replied his father, "but not in my garden, thank you." For he had not forgotten the precious roots that Jacko had dug up, not so long ago, in mistake for weeds.

But when Jacko had an idea in his head he was not easily put off.

"Couldn't I have a corner somewhere," he begged his mother, "to do what I like in?"

round to the parlour, and got to work.

Belinda came in one afternoon, not long after, to have tea with her mother, and while they were sitting in the parlour Jacko ran in.

"Open the window, dear," said his mother, "and give us a whiff of this sweet spring air."

Jacko flung up the window.

"Oh!" cried Belinda, screwing up her nose. "Whatever is it?"

"Onions!" said Mother Jacko, just as surprised.

And then, as the truth came to her, "It's Jacko's window-box!" she gasped. "It's not spring bulbs that the boy's sown but spring onions!"

All of a sudden his glance fell on the case which Red had been carrying, and he felt sure it must be the jewel box which Finch Hanley had failed to fetch from the car. He picked it up and, finding that the lock had been smashed, opened it.

The light from the dashboard was reflected in a glimmering pool of green fire. Jock sat quite still, hardly breathing, as he stared at the famous Meripit Emeralds. Fifty thousand pounds, Hanley had said they were worth, and now that he saw them Jock no longer doubted. No wonder, he thought, that men would risk prison, even death, for such marvellous jewels.

Next moment it came to Jock that he had done what Hanley had failed to do. The emeralds were in his keeping.

Oddly enough Jock was not the least afraid of this big thief, but at the same time he had no notion of letting him keep the jewels. He glanced round and a new idea came to him. In a flash he was out of the plane and, with the case under his arm, running toward the cliff. The moonlight showed many clefts in the rock and, picking one which was about ten feet above the level of the beach, he scrambled up.

Taking the jewels out of the box he wrapped them in his handkerchief, stuffed them into this cleft and plugged the hole with a stone. Then dropping back he stood for a minute, fixing the spot in his mind. This was not difficult, for there was a long, queer-shaped rock lying on the beach just below the cleft and a tree, a mountain ash, he thought, growing just below the top of the cliff on a ledge. Thrusting a few pebbles into the empty box to weight it, he closed the lid and hurried back to the plane.

Red lay exactly as Jock had left him, but Jock saw that he was breathing more easily and that his face was not quite so ghastly.

"He's better," said Jock thoughtfully. "I believe I can leave him now."

And then he got a shock, for Red's eyes opened and he looked up with a puzzled expression. Then he smiled.

"So you made it, son?" he said.

"Got down, you mean?" Jock replied.

"That's what I mean all right, and I'll say it was lucky for me I shipped a pilot." He paused and gazed at Jock. "Aren't you the chap who told me the way to Taverton?"

"Yes, only you weren't going there," said Jock bluntly.

Red merely laughed.

"Oh, I might have been," he replied.

"But I had a job to do first."

"A rotten job," returned Jock.

Red shrugged.

"That's a matter of opinion, son, but we won't argue. At least not until I've thanked you for saving my worthless carcass."

"Perhaps I was thinking of mine," returned Jock; but Red took no offence.

"Whatever you were thinking you did a good job. Who taught you to fly?"

"I've never been taught, but I've been up with my father."

There was real admiration in Red's blue eyes as he stared at the boy.

"And you picked a landing-place and brought this big bus down safely!" he exclaimed. "That was as good a bit of work as I've seen for a bit."

Jock flushed a little and changed the subject. "What about Hanley?" he demanded.

"The pilot, you mean? Oh, he's all right. I had to tie him up again, but I didn't hurt him."

Red fell silent with his eyes fixed on Jock, and Jock did not speak either; he did not know what to say.

"And what am I going to do with you?" Red went on presently. "If I turn you loose and give you money for your fare will you go home and keep your mouth shut?"

"No," said Jacko curtly.

Red laughed rather ruefully.

"I didn't suppose you would. In that case you'll have to come with me."

"Where?"

"That would be telling," replied Red with a grin. "It isn't far, anyhow, and, thanks to you, I'll be able to finish the trip in the plane." Again he considered. "See here, I can't leave you on the beach for you'd spot where I went and start someone after me. On the other hand, I don't want to tie you up. Will you give me your word not to try to escape?"

Jock frowned. He did not know what to say. Red might be a thief, but he evidently wanted to treat Jock decently. If he gave his word Jock would have to keep it, and what would happen when Red found that the jewels were gone?

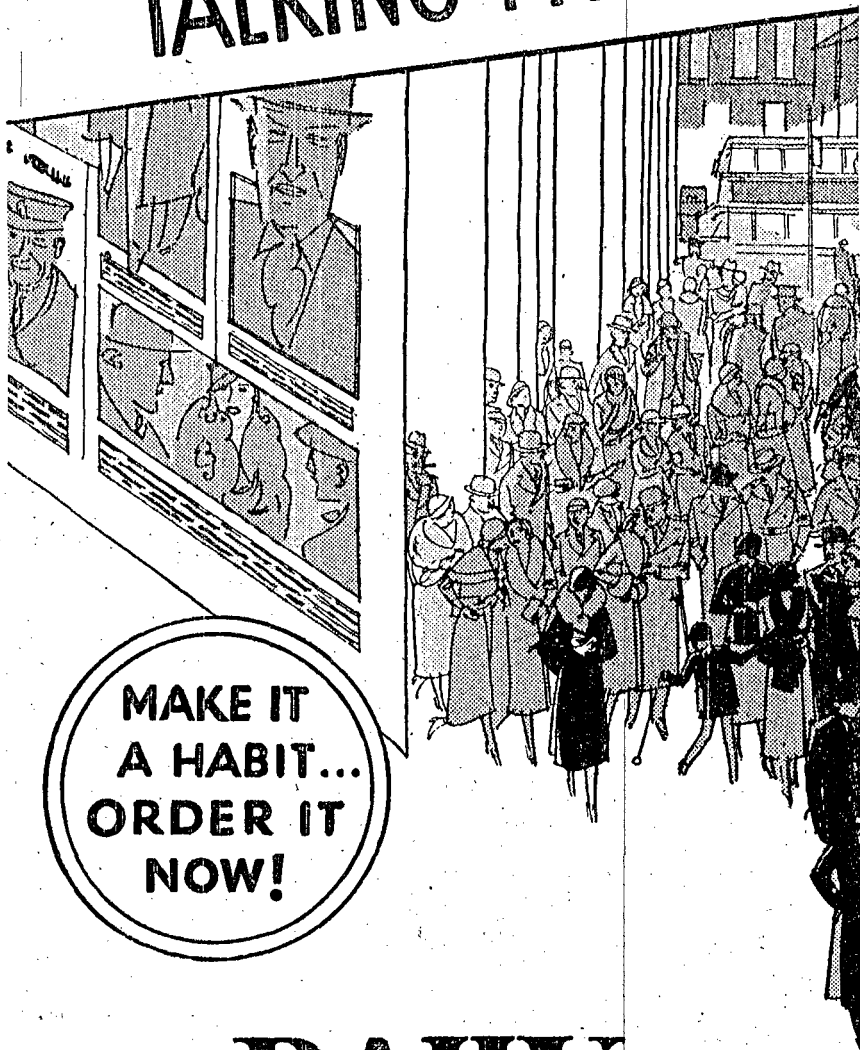
For a moment he thought of making a bolt, but Red divined his intention, and caught him by the arm.

"No," he said quietly. "Whether you give your parole or not you've got to stay by me."

TO BE CONTINUED



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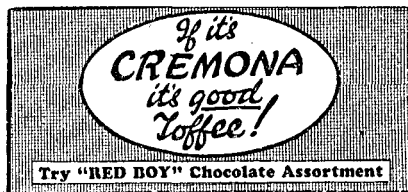
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How many may we entertain as your guests?
R.S.V.P. to THE REV. PERCY INESON, Supl.
EAST END MISSION,
COMMERCIAL ROAD, STEPNEY, LONDON, E.1.



THE BRAN TUB

Beheaded Fish

I AM a fish both neat and clever,
And in the crystal streams I
play;
If you my head and shoulders
sever
You'll find me out as clear as day.
Answer next week

£2400 for a Penny Stamp

TWO of the famous Post Office
Mauritius stamps were sold
recently by auction. The penny
stamp used on an envelope
fetched the record price of £2400.
The twopenny stamp was unused
and sold for £1750 Both of the



stamps were bought by a Wanstead
stamp dealer. The twopenny
stamp was bought in 1869 by a
French dealer for £4.

Both stamps were issued in
September, 1847, and were en-
graved on copper by a watch-
maker named J. Barnard.

The Elastic Earth

THE Earth's crust is always on
the move. The foundations
of big buildings rise and fall
each day. Each time the tide
comes in the seashore is com-
pressed. The weight of a full tide
on some parts of the coast is
enough to make the shore sink
three inches. When the tide goes
out the shore rises again.

A Charado

MY first oft enlivens the dark-
ness of night,
And o'er rich and poor it diffuses
its light;
My next is of youth the corrector
and sport,
Of office the sign, and of age the
support;
United for centuries has it been
sold,
Tis formed of all metals but
seldom of gold;
Of glass and of china sometimes
it is found,
And also of wood, if you search
the world round.
Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



Le lierre
Un agneau
Le couteau

Le lierre est une plante parasite.
L'agneau gambade dans la prairie.
La lame d'un couteau est en acier.

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

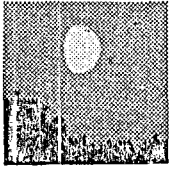
DOWNY was a duck, and
it belonged to Margery.
When her mother started to
keep chickens they noticed
that one egg in the clutch had
a different colour and shape
from the others; and when
it hatched out it turned, not
into a chicken, but into a
little fluffy yellow duckling!

Margery took Downy under
her care at once; for very
soon the little duck grew
tired of scuttling after the
mother-hen with the other
nine chickens, and went off
on excursions by himself.
Margery watched over him
with great care to see that he
did not come to any harm.

And soon Downy was a
grown-up duck and used to
follow his little mistress all
round the garden.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn
is in the
South-East.
In the evening
Mars, Jupiter,
and Neptune
are in the
South-East.
The picture
shows the
Moon as it may be seen looking
South at 8 p.m. on Wednesday,
April 5.



The Railway's Shopping List

THE British railways are very
good customers to other
industries. Here are some of the
things they buy in a year:
14 million tons of coal
17 million cubic feet of timber
21 million bricks
296,000 tons of ironwork
210,000 tons of rails
9000 tons of paint and varnish
3,800,000 yards of cloth for
uniforms.

Why the Bulbs Are in a Hurry

MOST plants with bulbs or similar
underground growths have a
very short life above ground.

The reason for this hurried
growth is that most of these
bulbous plants come from the dry
and sunny parts of the world.
The narcissus is a native of the
Mediterranean region, lilies come
from various parts of Asia, tulips
from the Near East, the gladiolus
from South Africa, and so on.

In these countries the summer
is very dry and hot, and growth
of vegetation is as much at a
standstill as if it was mid-winter.
So the bulbous plants have to rush
through their development before
the drought sets in.

What Bird Is This?

IN the word but not in the noun,
In the flock but not in the gown.
In the young but not in the old,
In the pen but not in the fold,
In the stream but not in the brook,
In the crow but not in the rook,
In the sick but not in the lame,
Its actions gave this bird its name.
Answer next week

Noisy Fish

ALTHOUGH most fishes are
dumb there are others
which have peculiar methods of
producing sounds.

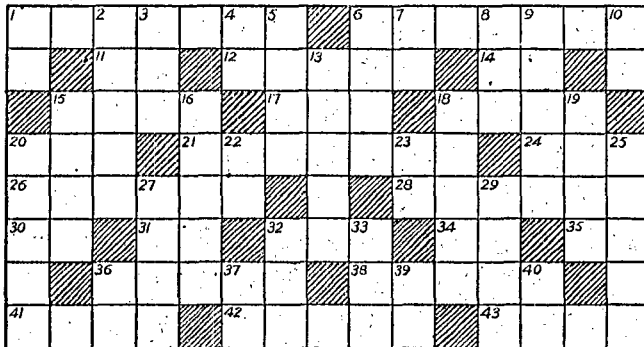
The trigger fish of Mauritius
makes a drumming by striking
its air-bladder with its fin. The
stickleback behaves something
like a grasshopper, rubbing its
fins against its back to make a
noise. Horse mackerel have a
noisy habit of grinding their teeth.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Alphabetical Arithmetic
MILD. 1000—1—50—500.
Grammar in One Double Acrostic
Word. E x i T
TRANSMIGRA- N a m e
TION—An, grim, G a r d e n
mast, I, mar, so, I n k s t a n d
nor, at, O. N e e d l e
Excavator
Beheaded Word Usage, sage, age

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 49 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle.
Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk among the clues which
are given below. The answer will appear next week.



Reading Across. 1. Widely spread. 6. An errand. 11. Early
English.* 12. A desert haven. 14. The same.* 15. A landing-place.
17. Second.* 18. Trained. 20. To beseech. 21. To work. 24. Skill.
26. To redeem from captivity. 28. One who scolds. 30. Heraldic
term for gold. 31. French for and. 32. Bottom of a river. 34. Right.*
35. You and me. 36. City of Irak. 38. Available for payment of
debts. 41. To consider to be so. 42. A play. 43. A ditch.

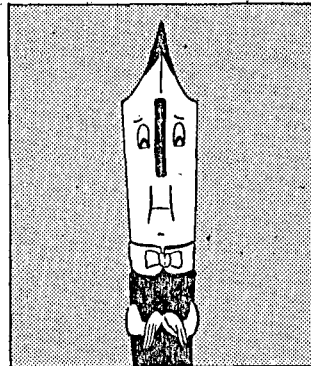
Reading Down. 1. Accomplish. 2. To pretend. 3. Recompense.
4. In this manner. 5. Comfort. 6. A transparent mineral. 7. Exists.
8. A title. 9. Visionary. 10. Negative. 15. A luscious fruit. 16. Under-
ground parts of a tree. 18. Supports. 19. Hauled. 20. Wide. 22.
Prime Minister.* 23. Transpose.* 25. To deal with. 27. A stratum of
coal. 29. A scrap of news. 32. An obstacle. 33. Bullt across a river. 36. To
have a real state. 37. Road.* 39. South Africa.* 40. In the direction of.

Dr MERRYMAN

Heavy

THE vicar was appealing to
members of his congregation
to supply the refreshments for a
church social.
"And now, please remember,"
he ended his address, "what we
want are not abstract promises,
but concrete cakes."

Conceit



I ALWAYS do write, said the Pen;
In this way I differ from men.
If they do wrong they can't do
right;
I may write wrong, but still I do
write.
A smug expression creeps over my
features—
I feel so superior to all other
creatures.

Lightning Rastus

RASTUS was in charge of a
particularly vicious mule.
"Has that animal ever kicked
you?" he was asked.
"No, sah," replied Rastus;
"but he often kicks de place
where I recently was."

Correct

TEACHER: What happened in
1564?
Boy: Shakespeare was born.
Teacher: Correct. And what
happened in 1570?
Boy (after a pause): Shake-
speare was six years old.

A Short Run

BINKS: When was your play
performed for the last time?
Banks: Oh, the first time.

Well Worn

THE shoes were very old, but
he took them to Mr Hide,
shoe repairer.
"Are these worth repairing?"
he asked.
"Oh, yes," said Mr Hide. "We
can sole and heel them, and put
on new uppers. The laces are
quite good."

DOWNY'S MATE

She could hardly dress herself
quickly enough in her excite-
ment, and, rushing down to
the pond, there she saw
Downy paddling about quite
happily—and by his side
another duck! The two birds
were quacking contentedly.

"Mummy, Mummy!" she
shouted. "Downy's come back
and brought another duck
with him! Do come and see!"

Mummy laughed when she
saw the two birds. "I expect
it's one of Farmer Willow's
ducks," she said.

"Oh, Mummy, can we
keep it? I expect it's a lady
duck. Do let me have a Mrs
Downy as well!"

"Well, we shall have to see
what Farmer Willow says,"
smiled her mother. "But I
am sure we can arrange it."

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